

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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London
November 26, 1941



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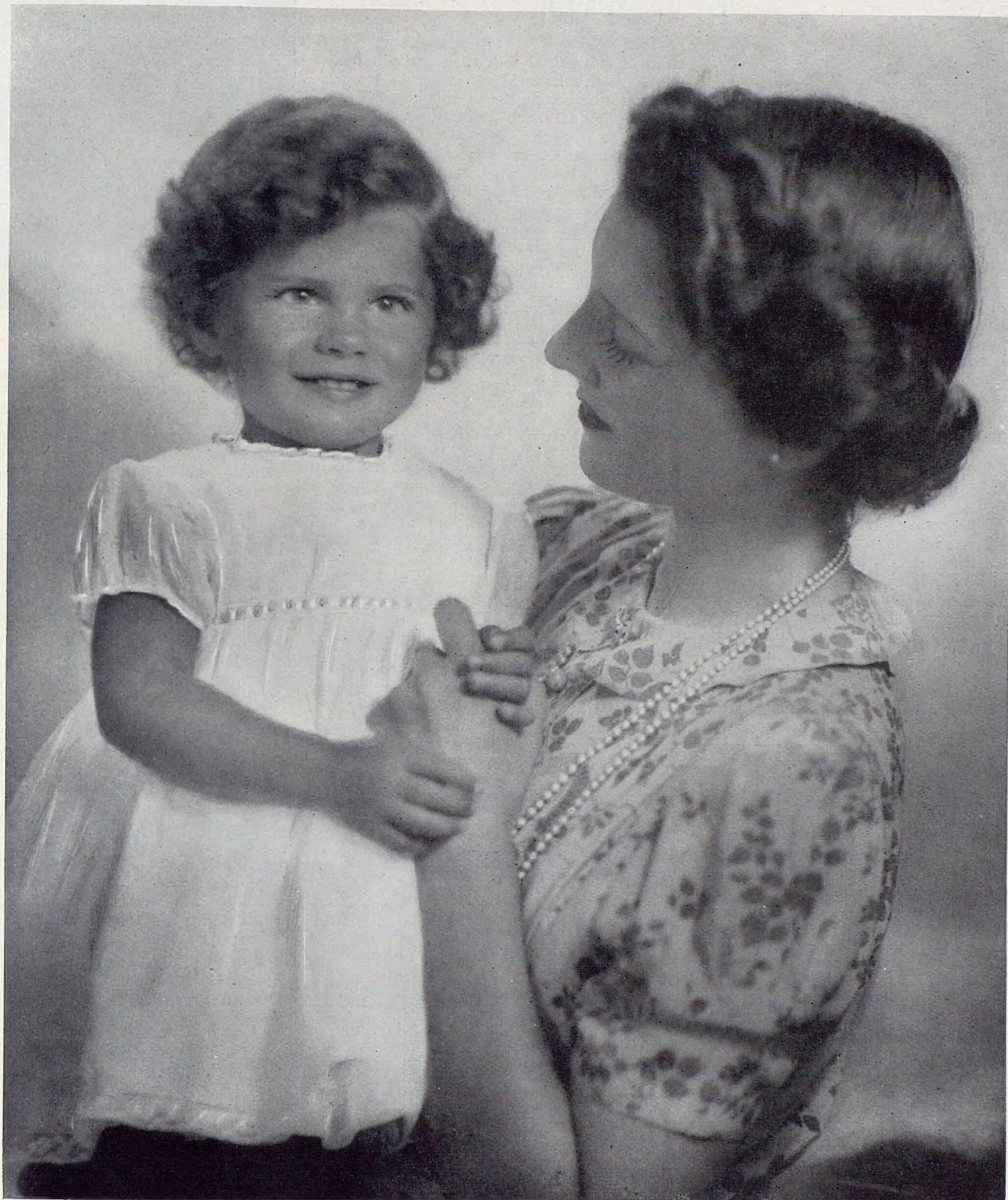
THE TATLER

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Marcus Adams

Viscountess Devonport and Her Daughter

Viscountess Devonport is the wife of the 2nd Viscount Devonport, whom she married in 1938. She was formerly Miss Sheila Hope-Murray, daughter of the late Colonel C. Hope-Murray, and Mrs. Hope-Murray, of Morishill, Beith, Ayrshire. Her daughter, the Hon. Marilyn Whitson Kearley, was born in 1939. Lord Devonport, who is a member of Lloyds, served in the last war in the Scots Guards and the Remount Service. Besides her other wartime activities, Lady Devonport entertains Dominion officers at her Sussex home, Peasmarsh Place



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Spartan Living

You can see General de Gaulle's tall, lean figure striding along the streets of London in all sorts of weather. He refuses to use a motor car, unless it is absolutely necessary. He thinks that motor cars are a luxury for him in these days.

By nature General de Gaulle is soldierly and sincere in his tastes. He's a small and simple eater, and takes only a modicum of wine. But when he entertains, his guests have the best food that a Frenchman (in London, in wartime) can devise. And they are sure to find an interesting, as well as an attentive host, for General de Gaulle is a fine conversationalist.

I remember my first meeting with him, on a snow-covered hillside behind the Maginot Line in the province of Lorraine. He was demonstrating the capabilities of his few tanks; but more so his belief in the future of the tank.

Rising Prestige

GENERAL DE GAULLE was then a colonel. He had written much on the future of mechanised warfare, but only one man—apart from members of the German general staff—had been impressed by his vision, or so it seemed. The man was Paul Reynaud who, on succeeding Daladier as Prime Minister, sent for de Gaulle and made him his deputy at the Ministry of Defence. As on that snowy morning in Lorraine when I met him, de Gaulle's cry on reaching a position of some influence in Paris was: "Give me a thousand

tanks of a hundred tons each and I'll teach the Germans a lesson!"

General de Gaulle knows now how hopeless was that cry. French industry was not in a position to respond. So it was the Germans who confirmed the military vision of General de Gaulle: in France itself, and now in Russia. But he still believes that the Germans have gained an unjustifiable military reputation, and that once this is smashed Europe will not be such a jittery place to live in. Europe has been mesmerised by the military might of Germany. But General de Gaulle is the last person to minimise the task ahead before this can be broken. He believes, as before, that it is a matter of machines and more machines; that the factory is more important than the front line!

Vichy's Anxiety

GENERAL DE GAULLE's stock is rising in France—where it means salvation—as it is in this country. Marshal Pétain becomes more worried as de Gaulle's name passes from tongue to tongue. This does not apply only to France, occupied and unoccupied, but also to the French Empire where the realisation is slowly spreading that the Armistice was a Nazi snare; and that Hitler intends to possess France completely: body, soul and Empire.

The late awakening to this trickery has caused restiveness in the French Army units in North Africa. The officers complain that the terms of the Armistice are not being fulfilled by Germany and Italy. This may be



A Free French Hero

Capitaine Morlaix, of the Free French Air Force, who recently destroyed his sixteenth enemy aircraft, was awarded the Croix de Guerre with nine palms, which he is wearing in the picture. General de Gaulle, who presented the medal at a Free French camp in England, awarded nearly 200 Escape Medals to officers, N.C.O.s and men who had escaped from German prison camps, many of whom had reached England via Russia.

only an excuse to hide their general disgust with the Vichy Government's policy of retreat before Hitler. Even General Weygand was reduced to sending alarmist reports to Vichy about the situation. So Marshal Pétain despatched General Huntziger, his War Minister who signed the Armistice with Hitler, to seek out the cause of the trouble. It was on his way back that General Huntziger's aeroplane crashed and he lost his life.

Arrival of Experts

MOST of General Huntziger's report had reached Vichy, and it was alarming reading for the aged Marshal who believes that everybody respects his intentions as much as his advancing years. The French Army units are disturbed—and openly say so—at the constant infiltration of Germans into North Africa. They arrive as "tourists," "teachers," and even "economic experts." They are being sent to strengthen the Africa Corps.

But equally disturbing to soldiers and French people in North Africa has been the recent arrival of a German mission headed by the son of Baron von Neurath, until lately Nazi Protector of Bohemia. This mission has been openly inspecting roads, rivers, oil installations, factories, public works and other details of strategic importance. That the German Mission was able to do this without let or hindrance from the French authorities appears to have been one of the "last straws." In France and North Africa, as well as in London, General Weygand's name stands no higher than that of Darlan and his co-adjutors.

Free French Liaison

MAJOR-GENERAL LOUIS SPEARS has been missing from his place in the House of Commons for a long time. He has been acting as British Liaison Officer with the Free French in Syria. Although Major-General Spears' health has not been consistently good, he has worked hard and successfully in smoothing out the difficulties which have arisen from time to time since Britain broke Vichy's hold on the country and promised in conjunction



C.I.G.S.

It was announced last week that General Sir Alan Brooke, K.C.B., D.S.O., who is fifty-eight, succeeds General Sir John Dill as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He has been C.-in-C. Home Forces since July last year, and before that commanded II Corps in France and Belgium. Sir John Dill said that he handed over the duty of C.I.G.S. to General Brooke "with the greatest confidence"



Governor-Designate of Bombay

General Sir John Dill, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., who relinquishes the appointment of C.I.G.S. on reaching the age of sixty, becomes a Field Marshal and has been appointed Governor-designate of Bombay in succession to Sir Roger Lumley. The new Field Marshal commanded I Corps of the B.E.F. until April last year, when he became Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, succeeding General Ironside as C.I.G.S. a month later

with General de Gaulle, Syria, in her independence. As a satisfactory regime is gradually being built up in Syria, it is possible that an important post will be offered Major-General Spears.

He has had an interesting career. More than most people he has seen the inside of two wars. In 1914-1918 he was Liaison Officer with the French. When the present conflict started—twenty years after the first stopped—Major-General Spears went back—it seemed as if automatically—to be Liaison Officer once more. One day he will have a remarkable story to tell of the French collapse. Also one about the indomitable courage of people like General de Gaulle.

Reluctant Revelation

ONE of the best-kept secrets of the war is out, though on all sides the revelation seems to have been most reluctantly made. The fact is that Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes was organiser and leader of Britain's Commandos. This is the comparatively small force of specially selected men who are chosen to form raiding parties because of their combination of brain and brawn. Their formation was initiated by the Prime Minister after the collapse of France, and his son, Major Randolph Churchill, was one of the first to go into training under Sir Roger Keyes. Another who joined at the same time was Sir Roger Keyes' son, Lieutenant-Colonel Keyes. Their leader, then sixty-eight, was the most enthusiastic of all the Commandos. He spent a lot of time at their training base.

All his life Sir Roger Keyes has been a stormy petrel, always looking for trouble and fearing nobody. Now, reluctantly, he admits that he did not relinquish his leadership of the Commandos voluntarily: the responsibility for them was taken from him. His friends are as frank as Sir Roger usually is. They say he's been sacked. Why? This may remain a secret unless Sir Roger decides to do. His gold-braided uniform, with the six rows of medals, and go down to the House of Commons to tell his story.

He did this after Mr. Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, had refused to allow him to take a warship into Trondheim harbour during the Norwegian campaign. He did it

again after the Germans had overrun Belgium and King Leopold's traducers were in full cry. From the days of the last war Mr. Churchill and Sir Roger have maintained a strong friendship and great mutual respect. It is therefore strange, as well as distressing, that they should find themselves at loggerheads in wartime.

Competition for Monarchy

ALL does not go well with the valiant and Aloyal Abyssinian, Hailie Selassie. As the invader is driven from the country to which he has returned with so much honour, he finds local leaders competing to displace him. This possibility was foreseen by the British authorities, and there is therefore little likelihood that the intriguers will succeed. Now the rains have ceased, there will be full opportunity for mopping up as well as for seeking out those who are likely to cause internal trouble. Within the next month or so it is believed that the mopping up will have been completed.

But one big problem may yet remain. It is the plight of 35,000 Italian men and women whom Mussolini callously cast out of Italy to fend for themselves—with the aid of his promises—in Abyssinia. At the beginning of the campaign in Abyssinia the British Government offered the Italian Government safe passage for these subjects. The object was to get them home before the revengeful Abyssinians got to work. But Mussolini turned a deaf ear. Now a strong force of British military police has to protect them in the daylight hours around Addis Ababa; and at night they have to be herded into a strongly protected compound. Even so, there are some who do not escape Abyssinian vengeance.

Flying Sailor

ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, will never be accused of complacency. He has just issued a warning that though the morale of the Italian Navy has gone down considerably it would be a fatal error to underestimate the enemy's strength.

Sir Andrew lives up to these words, for he won't sleep away from the fleet. As one of the Chiefs of Staff in the Middle East he could reside in Cairo; but he refuses to do so.

He says his duty is to sleep aboard ship to be ready to put to sea at a moment's notice. When Sir Andrew is summoned to attend the fairly frequent meetings in Cairo he flies from Alexandria early in the morning and returns before nightfall.

Airman's Inspection

SIR WILFRID FREEMAN, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, is back in London after a flying visit to Cairo for a routine inspection of the Middle East Air Force. He also took the opportunity to confer with Captain Oliver Lyttelton, the War Cabinet member in Cairo. Obviously their talk would include problems about the organisation of supplies, for which Captain Lyttelton is mainly responsible.

This leads one to comment on the misnomer of the term mobility on our modern military language. It seems to be more difficult to move a mobile force in these days and to keep it adequately supplied, than in the time of cavalry and forced marches of troops. Sir Archibald Wavell found the question of maintaining supplies a big problem, and so do the Germans as a result of Sir Andrew Cunningham's refusal to be complacent.

The most unmobile of all mobile forces appears to be the Air Force. To move a squadron of aircraft apparently entails untold details of organisation and transport.

Macabre Propaganda

GOEBBELS has been warning the German people that if they allow themselves to be defeated the British will not only separate Germany into small states but will massacre most of the population in the bargain. This is surely a macabre state for the high priest of propaganda to have reached. But Goebbels knows all the themes and how to play them. Hitler wants a bigger effort from his dupes and the worthy doctor is doing his best to get it.

It may be that Hitler thinks this is the best way to make the German people forget the worries of winter. Who can tell? Only Hitler can know the real depth of his disappointment produced by the prolonged Russian campaign. Only Hitler can know how restive the "occupied" countries are becoming. Only Hitler can know that peace isn't really round the corner.



A Great Man's Cigars

Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross "Aid to Russia Fund" benefited by £502 10s. when a box of ten very special cigars given by Mr. Winston Churchill was auctioned at Christie's by Sir Courtauld Thomson, chairman of the Red Cross Sales Committee. Here he is with a nurse holding the gift. Sir Courtauld said that the Premier does not smoke these particular cigars habitually, but only "once in a blue moon".



One Day's Pay

Mrs. Holmes, wife of Major-General William Holmes, C.B., D.S.O., a recent recruit to the W.A.A.F., received her first day's pay of 3s. 8d. training and ration allowance. Waafs now co-operate in many spheres of work with the R.A.F. They help to man the Balloon Barrage, W.A.A.F. officers are employed as assistant adjutants, and a contingent of code and cipher officers are now operating with the Middle East Command.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

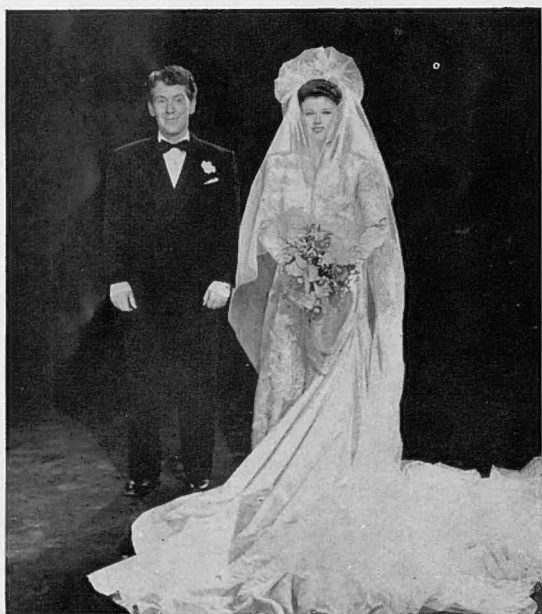
Two Films



Tom Is A Poor Man



Dick Is A Rich Man



Harry Rhymes With Marry—
and the Girl is Ginger Rogers

Tom, Dick and Harry is the new Ginger Rogers film in which Ginger is searching for her soul-mate, and gets engaged to three candidates for that position. Tom is George Murphy, Dick is Alan Marshal, and Harry is Burgess Meredith. This comedy-fantasy is directed by Garson Kanin, and is being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion and the London Pavilion this week. Mr. Agate comments on it in his article

WHY do young women attend trade shows with hats the size and shape of elephants' ears? Sitting behind some such monstrosity the other day I moved to another seat, only to find the picture bisected by a hat built on the lines of the church in Langham Place between Broadcasting House and Queen's Hall. Why do the men escorting these wretches allow them to make pests of themselves? It's really quite simple. Some little time ago I promised to take a woman to a party. I called for her, and to my horror found that she proposed to go in a Greek tunic with gold sandals. I said: "No stockings, no party." And won.

AND now I want to ask another question. Everybody knows about the film mania for paying enormous sums for the title of a novel and then not using that title. My question is: Why not retain the title and discard the novel? Why not, after paying Dr. Cronin £20,000, or whatever the agreed sum was, have dropped that novel entirely and in its place filmed the infinitely superior *House With*

the Green Shutters. However, the film company, having got *Hatter's Castle* (Plaza), determined to stick by it. And the result was a glum picture in which I could never quite believe. I didn't believe in the castle, nor the hatter, nor his family. I think the reason was the choice of Mr. Robert Newton to play Brodie. Mr. Newton is a very clever young actor, but while you realise his cleverness you remain conscious of his youth. The part calls for the film equivalent of the late Norman McKinnel. Charles Laughton could have played Brodie with the aid of make-up and his natural genius for the saturnine. Robert Newton makes shift with a bit of both, and very good shift it is too. But the result is not big enough emotionally, perhaps because this Brodie is not big enough physically. I shall remain unshaken if somebody writes to say that Mr. Newton is the taller man.

IN his new and fascinating volume of short stories entitled *Open the Door*, Mr. Osbert Sitwell talks of

"that queer stage of adolescence when young girls are no longer themselves, no longer



Husband-Hunting De Luxe in "Moon Over Miami"

Two poor girls who inherit a thousand pounds and invest it in a trip to Miami where they hope to find two rich husbands—that's the simple theme of a new Technicolor musical called "Moon Over Miami." The four players, as above, are Don Ameche and Betty Grable, Robert Cummings and Carole Landis. Walter Lang directed this luxury spectacle of gold-digging, moonlight, romance, song and dance, which is now at the Odeon

individuals, their consciousness joining that of all female things, so that they are able, as we see from time to time in the cases of haunting by poltergeists, to produce psychic phenomena mysteriously and with an inexplicable ease."

I imagine that something of the sort must have been passing in the mind of R.K.O. Radio when that highly imaginative firm decided to show us Ginger Rogers in *Tom, Dick and Harry* (London Pavilion and Marble Arch Pavilion), in love with three boys at once. Or unable to make her choice among three possible husbands, which is by no means the same thing. Anyhow, the story permits the production of psychic phenomena with perfectly explicable ease.

JANIE (Ginger Rogers) is a telephone operator in a small American town who holds that it should be as easy to marry a rich husband as a poor one. Her suitors belong to three established orders. Tom (George Murphy) is a motor salesman and a go-getter. Dick (Alan Marshal) belongs to the class which has gone and got, because Dick's father is the richest man in town. Harry (Burgess Meredith) is a motor mechanic who will certainly never get, and who has no intention of going. Ginger flirts with each in turn, and when she goes to bed, reverses the usual order of things by putting her head under the pillow instead of on it. The result is not asphyxiation, but what the highbrows will tell us is the "real" part of the picture. We are transported to a kind of toyland, where we are shown what Ginger thinks life would be like with a particular husband. This happens three times.

In the end Ginger finds herself engaged to all three. But the point still remains to be solved—which shall she marry? She elects for the rich man, and before she drives away with him kisses the other two good-bye. And then she realises that when, previously, she has kissed the garage hand bells have rung in the air, very much as harps twanged for Hilda Wangel when Solness could desist from the appallingly dull job of being an elderly architect in Norway, in order to talk some still dumber symbolical rubbish about a higher duty than building happy homes for happy human beings. Actually Solness was leading up to something not at all symbolic—the Norse equivalent of: What about it, baby? But I digress.

THE film is beautifully played. And perhaps one may say of Ginger the same kind of thing that Liszt said of Chopin: her genre is not great but she is great in her genre. George Murphy and Alan Marshal are pleasant young men. Burgess Meredith continues to look like a Spencer Tracy in the making; whether he will make it or not is still on the knees of Hollywood's gods. Four years ago, after seeing him in the flesh in New York, I wrote: "This young man has an immense amount of vigour and a tremendous honesty, and I guess that he represents pretty exactly what young America is thinking. But they tell me he is limited to the type of romantic hick or hobo, and can speak no English outside the idiom of 'Now what the hell ya suppose is eatin' them two guys?'" Even now, at the end of the present picture, I can hear him saying to Ginger as he bears her off from his rivals: "Now what the hell ya suppose is eatin' them two guys?"



"When Ladies Meet"—Joan Crawford and Greer Garson Are the Rivals

Publishing seems to be the favourite Hollywood profession for husbands with complicated home lives. "When Ladies Meet" mixes up a popular novelist (Joan Crawford), her impetuous lover (Robert Taylor), her publisher (Herbert Marshall) and her publisher's wife (Greer Garson). After the requisite period of cross-purposes, they re-sort themselves into devoted husband and wife, happy bride and bridegroom to be. Robert Z. Leonard directed, and the Empire now shows the picture



In "Our Wife" the Story Takes Triangular Shape

Melvyn Douglas has a comedy role in "Our Wife" as a band leader who falls on hard times. This shakes the devotion of his wife (Ellen Drew), but brings him a new inspiration (Ruth Hussey). These two beauties (see below) between them set and solve his heart problems. "Our Wife," directed by John M. Stahl, is another of this week's batch of new films, and is at the Regal



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Get a Load of This (London Hippodrome)

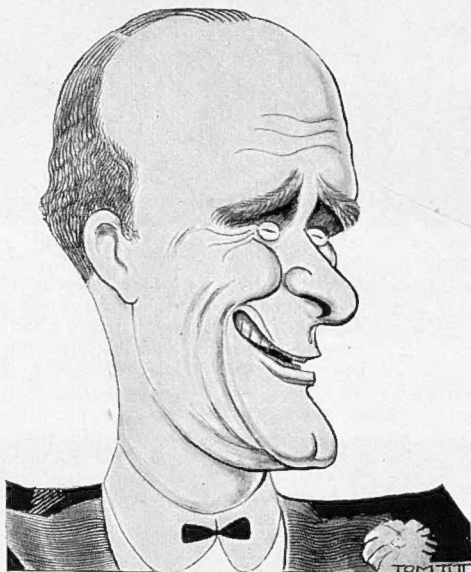
MR. GEORGE BLACK, having given us at the Victoria Palace a knock-out show which was pre-coupon system, is now demonstrating at the London Hippodrome what, coupon system or no coupon system, can still be done. That *Get a Load of This* will be an enormous success is a complete certainty. That it is a triumph of ingenuity, of organisation, of selection, and of all that goes to the making, as distinct from the inspiration, of a show, the most captious critic could not deny.

The whole thing, reminiscent as it may be of such post-war gangster pieces as *Wonder Bar* and *Broadway*, is slick up to date, with a chromium polish of which only Mr. Robert Nesbitt, the producer, knows the recipe. For what is best in art there is, of course, no recipe at all. But that is not to say that *Get a Load of This* lacks faith and impetus. And being a show about a floor show, its essential ideals are unvulgarised by an objectivity that puts massed parades of sex on a sort of historical plane.

THE author, Mr. James Hadley Chase, who wrote *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, has not given himself a great deal of work to do, since most of the entertainment consists of cabaret turns performed in between the highly melodramatic action.

Here are gangsters demanding protection money from the boss of the Park Avenue restaurant known as the Orchid Room while the floor show is actually in progress. Here are guests at supper tables imagining that the murders occurring before their eyes are part of a mock performance organised for their amusement. And here, it must be confessed, is a second audience (composed of you and me) not knowing why what is happening is happening, yet not much minding, so quick is the rhythm, so smart the pace, and so diverting some of the interludes.

Mr. Vic Oliver is never long away from the microphone, for which, when you can see



Vic Vandyke (alias Oliver) wisecracks at the microphone, and plays the piano and violin

him at it, he has a brisk, irresistible genius. He is also entertaining at the piano until he takes himself seriously, when he confuses volume with excellence. But he certainly can bang. Miss Jeanne Ravel dances beautifully and variously. Celia, the singing star, seems to me to lack colour and personality. Daphne and Jack Barker sing cabaret numbers, harping incessantly on the one string that becomes so monotonous when it is overplucked.

But the girls who escalate on at intervals in startling rationed and non-rationed materials are all that could be desired and more than should be attempted. And Miss Iris Lockwood, who is the handsomest wench I've set eyes on for many a long day, does Mr. Norman Hartnell credit every time she enters in a new confection.

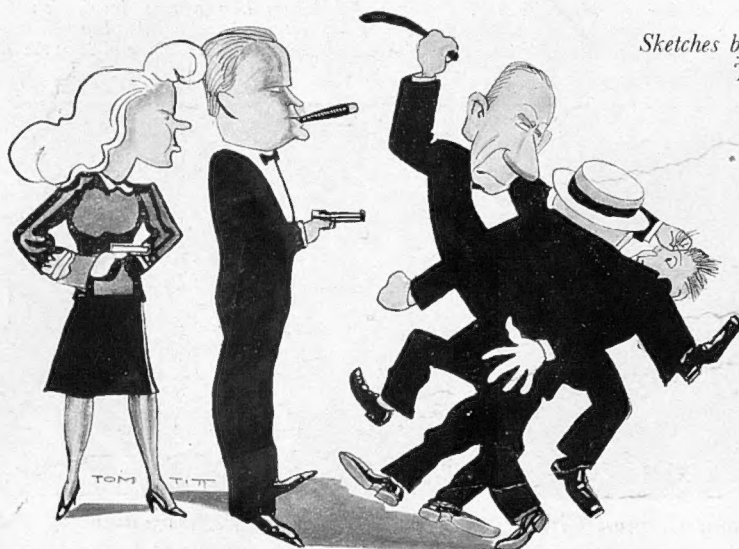


Celia Lipton is the cabaret singing star

BUT if there were nothing else in *Get a Load of This* worth seeing, it would be worth seeing for the delicious turn given by the Cairoli Brothers, the more musical of whom is a classic clown if ever there was one, being (I say without hesitation) quite a lot better than Grock and almost (I say with a good deal of hesitation), almost as good as Charlie Chaplin. Perhaps, however, that remains to be seen.

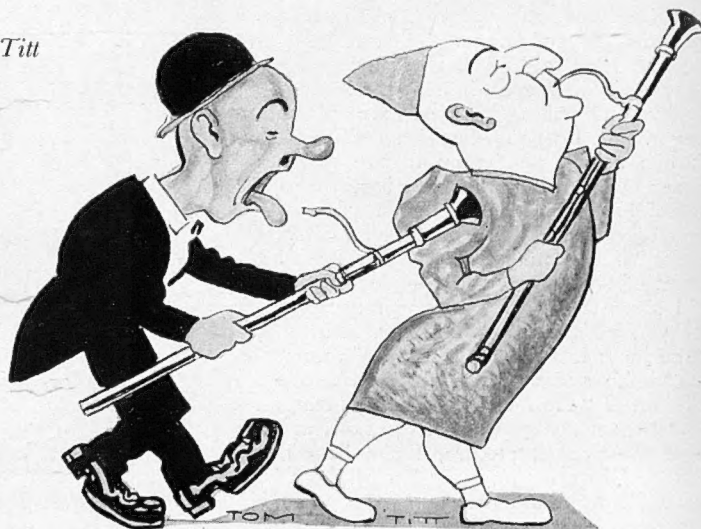
Here, in any case, we encounter an original inventive inspiration that is in a class by itself. The humour he extracts from his instruments is always surprising and always human. The eccentric dancing with which he concludes his astonishing and brilliant performance rouses the house to a pitch of enthusiasm before the show is half over that is never, inevitably, reached again. Mr. Black is to be congratulated before everything on this quite adorable "find."

But he is to be congratulated, after that, on the rest of his show, even though, apart from Mr. Oliver's unexpected sallies, it has scarcely a word worth listening to. He achieves his aim. The public is far more than satisfied. I was far less than bored. And the sub-current of brutality that runs through the evening is, no doubt, in the spirit of our time—perhaps in the spirit of all time, in varying intensity.



Valerie White and Albert Lieven watch Charles Farrell and Peter Bernard beat up John Lothar

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Cairoli Brothers, classic clowns, bring down the house with the aid of their musical instruments

**German Boy and Polish Girl**

Jeremy Hawke is Benkendorff, the young Luftwaffe officer home on sick leave with his family, who are quartered in Poland. Nova Pilbeam is Anna, the daughter of the Polish industrialist-scientist in whose house the German family are living. To save her from a concentration camp, young Benkendorff appoints her his servant; they fall in love and solve the inter-racial problem by suicide

"School for Slavery"

A Play About the Nazi New Order in Poland

The German occupation of Poland is a grim and horrifying subject for a play. Shootings, beatings, the sending of Polish women to prostitution camps for German soldiers, the shaven head and sandwich-board inscribed "I am a harlot; I slept with a native swine" that awaits the German girl who loves a Polish man, the suicide of a German pilot and the Polish girl he wants to marry because there is no other solution of their problem but death—of such tragic events as these Lajos Biro has made a drama for the stage. He is a well-known Polish film director; his *School for Slavery* is the first play about conditions in Nazi-occupied Europe to be produced in London. It opened at the Q Theatre last week, with Maurice Browne, who also produced, Olga Lindo and Nova Pilbeam leading the cast. It is planned to bring *School for Slavery* to the West End in the near future

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

**Victim of the New Order**

Maurice Browne takes the part of Dr. Jablonsky, physicist and director of a chemical factory. He is beaten for refusing to co-operate with the Germans, and then agrees to re-start his works, but with the secret intention of sabotage. It is in his house that the Benkendorff family is living, and also where the Nazi Governor holds his court of "justice"

**Condemned Princess**

Anna (Nova Pilbeam) says good-bye to a Polish princess (Olga Lindo) who has been sentenced to an "A-B Camp" (prostitution) for German soldiers. The princess escapes to a refuge in the southern Polish marshes, where another scene of the play takes place

**Polish Boy and German Girl**

Pawlik, a Polish engineer (Geoffrey Wardwell), and Katherine, German secretary of Professor Benkendorff (Mary Marilew), fall in love. They marry, and he takes her to the secret refuge in the marshes among his own people

**Attempted Assassination of a Nazi**

The Nazi Governor (Gordon McLeod) is nearly assassinated by a Polish boy (Miles Byrne), whose parents have been murdered by the Germans. The boy is sentenced to immediate execution. Anna, daughter of the house in which the Governor holds his court, pleads for the boy's life

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Sunday Lunch

THE places that remain open on Sundays get very full at lunch-time. Among people out in London on Sunday were Major and Mrs. Towers-Clarke—he is back in his old regiment, the Coldstream Guards—Mr. James Wentworth Day, Major and Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth—he is stationed in Wiltshire, and she has just sold their Buckinghamshire cottage and is returning to London—Mr. Ronald Culver, the actor, specially memorable as the Commander in *French Without Tears*; Mr. Geoffrey Toone, stage and film actor, temporarily out of the Army with an injured arm; Mrs. Rosa Lewis, very much herself; and Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy, who was Miss Sylvia Crofton-Atkins from Devonshire, a sister of Lady Shrewsbury.

Another day, Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson was looking nice, having tea in a Soho pâtisserie—there still are some foreign places making the delicious sort of cakes beyond the powers of the English.

Days and Nights

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH has been about London, always amusing and attractive, also Mrs. Wessel, formerly Lady Churston, and originally Denise Orme. She looks incredibly young to be able to include Princess Ali Khan—previously Mrs. Loel Guinness—and Lady Cadogan among her daughters.

Lady Huntingdon, the Duke of Leinster, Captain Lord Shuttleworth, Lord Poulett

with a lovely blonde, and Lieut. Lee were well-known people out dancing.

Mr. Lee's exploits in Russia have thrilled most people: he was shot down after a raid on Petsamo, and spent sixty-nine hours in a dinghy in the Arctic.

Margaret McGrath, heroine of *The Thin Blue Line*, was also dancing, with a very decorated R.A.F. officer, and it was nice to see Cicely Courtneidge back from the provinces.

Premiere

THERE were a lot of people at the premiere of the Charles Laughton—Deanna Durbin film, *It Started with Eve*.

Lady Kemsley was with her tall daughter, Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, who wore a becoming short fur coat, and a felt hat down over one eye. Mr. Walter Crisham and Miss Hermione Gingold were together, Nova Pilbeam was looking pretty, Mrs. Charles Sweeny was photographed, and Mr. Terence de Marney was about.

It is a splendid film, very funny, with Charles Laughton at his best as a tremendously roguish old man, a "character" of the first order, and Miss Durbin being a fresh, natural girl who loves to sing, and help other people.

Belgian Luncheon

KING LEOPOLD's Patron Saint's day was celebrated by a luncheon party given by the Belgian Government at their

Embassy, to which diplomats of all countries went, including Sir Alexander Cadogan, Sir Lancelot Oliphant, Mr. Drexel Biddle, M. Bech, M. Vladimir Slavik, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Comte de Romrée de Vichenet, M. Pierre Dupuy, M. Joaquim de Souza-Leao, Vicomte Obert de Thieusies, and all diplomatic representatives of foreign Powers accredited to the Belgian Government in London.

Coming Bazaar

THERE is going to be a Christmas Bazaar at the Polish Hearth, in aid of civilian refugees over here, on December 5th and 6th. The Hearth in question is the working name of 55, Prince's Gate, and the Polish Ambassador, Countess Raczyńska, will open the bazaar at 11.30 a.m. on the 5th.

There will be a fortune-teller (a dark man is crossing your path, and a fair woman will make mischief, etc.) and the chance of buying difficult things like chocolate and make-up. There will also be Polish dolls—make your little daughter refugee-minded by giving her one for Christmas—imitation flowers and postcards.

People helping will include Lady Barnby, Lady Fletcher, Mrs. John Fane, Miss Clarissa Borenus and Kathleen, Lady Domville.

Discovery

A BEAUTIFUL Yugoslav girl, Inge Perten, at the moment a secretary at the Yugoslav Embassy, is intriguing the film world.

She is only twenty, but has had an adventurous life so far. She was a pupil of Max Reinhardt, and was hailed as a star at seventeen and a half, when she left him for a six months' contract at the State Theatre, Brunn. When Hitler marched into the Sudetenland she looked ahead; and although 100 per cent. Slav, decided against Hitler's New Order in the theatre, and made for Sweden, and eventually reached this country and her present job.



Mrs. de Langley

Mrs. Ruffin de Langley is the American sculptor, Helen Haas. She used to work in Paris, is now living in London



The Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie is a Vice-President of the County of London Red Cross. Her husband, the Earl of Radnor's youngest brother, is in the Army



Miss White and Lady Annaly

The Hon. Patricia White is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly. Lady Annaly is another hard worker for the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation, and spends a good deal of her time giving lectures



Lady Pamela Berry

Lady Pamela Berry's husband, Major the Hon. Michael Berry, was godfather to her baby niece, Lady Juliet Margaret Smith, when the latter was christened ten days ago



Miss Audrey Harrison's Small Attendants

Dressed in cream lace dresses with red velvet sashes, and carrying posies of mixed flowers, five little girls attended Miss Audrey Harrison when she married Major Windsor Lewis—her nieces, Sonia Pilkington and Lady Anne Nevill, the bridegroom's niece, Marigold Curzon-Howe, Fiona Lomax and Jenifer Tufton. Montagu Curzon-Howe was the page. Anne Nevill is the three-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lewis, and Sonia Pilkington, a year older, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Arthur Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington. Marigold and Montagu Curzon-Howe are the children of Major A. P. Curzon-Howe, who married Major Windsor Lewis's sister in 1930



Maj. Windsor Lewis and Miss Harrison

Major James Charles Windsor Lewis, Welsh Guards, and Miss Audrey Harrison were married at King's Walden, Herts. He is the only son of the late Mr. James Windsor Lewis, of Llyudcoed, Glamorgan, and Mrs. Windsor Lewis, of the Court, Crondall, Hants. She is the third of the eight daughters of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, and a granddaughter of Lord Burnham



Mr. Morse and Miss Nancy Jones

Mr. David Vivian Morse, younger son of Mr. Vivian Morse, of Upper Cowden, Five Ashes, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Morse, and Miss Nancy Lawrence Jones, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Evelyn Jones, of Cranmer Hall, Fakenham, Norfolk, were married at Scunthorpe. Her father is the elder son of Sir Lawrence Jones, Bt., and her mother is Earl Grey's younger sister

She sang national songs to 10,000 people at a Youth Rally at the Albert Hall, and has had a Royal Command from King Peter of Yugoslavia to make records of the songs in question.

Film Orgy

I HAVE suddenly been to more films in a week than I usually go to in a month. *Lydia* is an unusual one, not yet being shown publicly. It begins with Merle Oberon as an old lady, who begins quaveringly to reveal her past—a series of high-spirited incidents out of keeping with the trim greyness of her old age—and with Edna May Oliver doing herself with her usual vigour.

Then *Santa Fé Trail*, with Errol Flynn and other good-looking young men galloping, galloping, and firing lots of guns, and *Mayerling* again, translating a rather obscure historical incident in terms of a world-weary and love-hungry Charles Boyer loving Danielle Darrieux to distraction and destruction.

Suivi Saturday

WHEN the man in the Suivi band does a trumpet solo—is it a trumpet, that thing like a saxophone without the hook?—and the crowd of people weave about on the dance floor, it is quite like watching a snake-charmer at work.

Among Saturday's muster were Mr. Robert Sweeny, Mr. Peter Watson, the trainer, with another trainer's sister, Miss Morant, Mrs. Peter Long, whose husband was Master of the Mendip Hounds before the war, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Incedon-Webber, and Mr. Tom Hanbury.

Two of the gayest tunes of the moment are "Daddy" ("I Want a Diamond Ring, Bracelets and Everything") and "But in the Morning, NO!"

Intellect in Eire

MR. CYRIL CONNOLLY and Mr. Stephen Spender have both been in Dublin, staying with Mr. John Betjeman, and speaking on the contribution of intellectuals to present-day life, at a meeting of

the College Historical Society at Dublin University.

Another evening, poets and artists gathered at The Gallery, 7, St. Stephen's Green, and poetry was read aloud. Mr. Patrick Hennessey, the painter, read extracts from Mr. John Betjeman's *Fête Champêtre*, Mr. Stephen Spender read two of his own poems, *Air Raid* and *Dusk*, and Dr. Ferdinand Levy and Mr. E. V. Brown read poems of their own, too. Blanaid Salkeld,



Mr. Kingsbury and Miss James

Mr. Arthur William Gerald Kingsbury, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kingsbury, of Chewton Mendip House, near Bath, and Miss Philippa Margaret James, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Bernard James, and the Hon. Mrs. James, of Fingest Grove, High Wycombe, Bucks, were married at St. Mary's, Turville. She and her husband are both cousins of Captain Lord Shuttleworth, R.A., who was best man. Mr. Kingsbury's youngest brother, Mr. Henry Kingsbury, is engaged to Lady Patricia French

whose play, *The Scarecrow over the Corn*, will be one of the first performances of the Dublin Drama League in December, was in the audience, also Mr. Austin Clarke, M. Henri Silvy, of the French Legation, and the son of the French Minister, M. de Laforcade.

M. Silvy's paintings are on view in Dublin now, and another exhibition is Mr. Jack Hanlon's at the Waddington Galleries.

The first performance of the Dublin Drama League will be *Family Reunion*, by T. S. Eliot, and Frank O'Connor's *The Statue's Daughter* will follow it. O'Connor is publishing a book of stories with the Cuala Press, the Yeats sisters' hand press, at Christmas.

Brighton Fixture

BRIGHTON, despite the lifting of the ban on visitors, was deserted when visited for a pre-view of *Get a Load of This*, the new George Black show, which is very exciting, with about seven killings, and a Grand Guignol black-out as terrifying as it is efficient—James Hadley Chase being the author, one expects that kind of thing.

The Old Ship Hotel is the popular place in Brighton now, and Jack and Daphne Barker were there afterwards, discussing the Lord Chamberlain's operations on their numbers. "Tudor Bed" has survived practically intact, but "The Naughty Nineties" has been flung out, and "Five Little Show Girls" smoothed a bit.

Vic Oliver was in good form and optimistic about the London opening, and the Ravioli Brothers were as amusing off as on.

Jeanne Ravel was a refreshing sight on the front next morning, walking along with the wind in her hair, and loving it. She has a little Egyptian amulet, which she says has always brought her luck, and her ballet number, "Lady, Here's Your Wreath," is certainly a sensation of the show.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of November 12th we published a picture of the patients and staff of a Red Cross convalescent home, in which we wrongly stated that the matron was Miss Phillips. She is Miss Steele, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S. (retired), and the names should read, seventh and eighth from the left in the front row: Miss Steele (matron), Mrs. Herring-Cooper (commandant). We apologise to Mrs. Herring-Cooper for any inconvenience this error may have caused her.



The Duchess of Kent went to the gala premiere of "Hatter's Castle," is with Major Jackson, Chief Commandant of the London Fire Force



Mr. David Rose, head of the Paramount organisation in Britain, talked to Robert Newton, who plays Brodie in "Hatter's Castle." Newton, who is serving as an A.B. in the Navy, gets leave to work in films



Miss Polly Peabody, who wrote "Occupied Territory," was with two London Fire Brigade officers, G. V. Blackstone, who wears the George Medal ribbon, and K. N. Hoare



Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were two more at the Cronin premiere at the Plaza

"HATTER'S CASTLE"

A gala premiere, which the Duchess of Kent attended, in aid of the London Fire Service Benevolent Fund, gave *Hatter's Castle* its send-off at the Plaza. Paramount's film version of the Cronin novel was directed by Lancelot Comfort, and has Robert Newton, Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Emyln Williams as leading players. Pictures in our November 12th issue



Mr. Noel Coward arrived by himself to see "Hatter's Castle"



Henry Oscar and Enid Stamp-Taylor are both in "Hatter's Castle," he as Grierson, and she as Nancy, Brodie's barmaid mistress. They were at the cocktail party held after the premiere of the film

Toasting each other in grape-fruit juice at the "Hatter's Castle" party were two young performers, Anthony Bateman, who plays Angus, Brodie's son, and June Holden, who is Janet



Premiere Audiences for Two British Pictures



Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, Second Sea Lord, was one of the guests at the luncheon and pre-view of "Ships with Wings"



Sir Victor Warrender, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, was another of the band of Ministers and Naval officers at the Savoy luncheon



Miss Lilian Duff sat next Commander Anthony Kimmins, R.N., playwright and broadcaster. He was in the Navy before he worked for the stage and screen and returned to the Service when war began



Mr. C. J. Radcliffe, who is acting as Director-General of the Ministry of Information while Sir Walter Monckton is in Cairo, had as neighbour Mr. E. Carr

"SHIPS WITH WINGS"

A luncheon and pre-view of *Ships with Wings* at which many Naval officers were present was held a day or two before the Admiralty announced the loss of the *Ark Royal*. The camera-man of *Ships with Wings* spent three months on the aircraft-carrier getting sequences for the film which now have a historic interest. The film (pictures in our Nov. 5th issue) has been running at the Gaumont



Jane Baxter, who plays the Admiral's daughter in "Ships with Wings," went to the pre-view of the film with her husband, Major Arthur Montgomery

Captain C. A. H. Brooking, R.N., and Captain J. L. Bedale, R.N., were two more of the sailors who saw the film in which the *Ark Royal* plays a big role



Rear-Admiral J. G. P. Vivian, who was appointed Admiral Commanding Reserves last March, sat next to Mr. Stephen Courtauld

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALMOST before the citizens of London have recovered their self-control after huzzaying themselves hoarse for their new Lord Mayor, voices are being raised asking what fresh splendours can be added, after the war, to that annual progress of his Lordship through the City which excites the hamfaced populace so much.

Our own feeling has long been that no Lord Mayor's Day can be complete without the revival of *The London Cuckolds*, the comedy by Mr. Ravenscroft which ritually held the stage at Drury Lane every Lord Mayor's Day from the Restoration nearly to the advent of Victoria and gave our merry ancestors keen delight. Every aspirant to civic honours should study this improving play, which reminds Aldermen and Sheriffs bulging with riches and turtle-soup and dizzy with power that they cannot escape the doom awaiting every *vraie tête de cocu*.

Aldermen don't live in gloomy panelled City mansions any more, and few Court and Mayfair sparks, we're told, make passes nowadays at their pretty wives on principle; but the moral remains. Civic pomp and glory are illusion, aldermen are mortal, moneybags and gold plate are no insurance against a light mind and a luscious eye, locks, bolts and bars are powerless against the naughtiness of women.

Reprieve

TOWARDS 1750 Alderman Gripe and Sheriff Pinchwife (those wittols) seem to have grasped the big idea, being horn-mad, and began marrying elderly sourpusses and haybags (yah!) in self-protection. By the 1830's the danger had apparently passed, Court blades no longer roved the City, up to no good, and the greasy cits could mate with youth and beauty again if they chose; and to-day, a chap in close touch tells us, aldermen's wives are miracles of beauty, grace, and virtue. But complacency is always fatal and we say no more.

Crack

WHY Auntie *Times* thought it would hearten us (and America?) a few days ago if she reprinted Livingstone's celebrated bromide on being discovered by Stanley (Nov. 10, 1871) we can't conceive. "Americans and Englishmen," boomed Livingstone, still shaking hands, "are the same people. We speak the same language and have the same ideas." To which Stanley, the American special correspondent, surprisingly replied, not "Aw go climb a tree," but "Just so, Doctor."

Well, we must remember perhaps on



"What does Lord Woolton want me to eat most?"

behalf of millions of justly infuriated Americans and Englishmen that Stanley was not himself. Weary, dusty, dirty, unshaven, bitten by flies, covered with prickly heat, and dying for a snifter off the ice, he had that moment tottered into Livingstone's camp after weeks of forced marching through the Bush. White, dazed, swaying slightly, fiddling with his topee, he was probably all in and ready to cry even before the Doctor handed him this one straight off the bat.

Apart from being a journalist Stanley was not a very winsome character, it is recorded, but one can pity him. "J-j-just so, Doctor," he says weakly, giving in, and—"can't you see him?—flops in tears, thinking of the faces of his owner Gordon-Bennett and a few more big boys of that intensely Anglophobe period when they hear this one back home.

Cure

IT'S easy to find excuses for Stanley, but what about Auntie *Times*, the tactless, overbearing, beaky, bombazine-gowned, managing old dope? Just as we were getting on so chummily with America, too! Somebody should dump Auntie in New York and leave her there alone for a week; a perfect cure for any of the Island Race who believe that Livingstone crack. But does anybody? Even the Pilgrims, once dinner is over?

Frustration

MIZZLING round (like Mr. Sponge) to the Leicester Galleries, we looked in vain round the current exhibition of Victorian Art for a single representative Landseer, and retired with oaths.

To treat the greatest Victorian portraitist thus seems to us deplorable. Nobody has ever interpreted the Island Pan in all its mournful beauty and dumb nobility, snorting defiance at pursuers, more forcibly than the painter of George Eliot at bay, sometimes called "The Monarch of the Glen." Nobody has ever painted the Race's doggie soul-mates and spiritual directors with such apocalyptic, El Grecoesque vision. That huge, dignified, mournful-eyed Newfoundland licking the sweet old lady in "Down, Ponto, Down!" claimed by Ruskin to represent Cobden bidding farewell to a Manchester Liberal nightclub queen, is a finer canvas to us than Rosa Bonheur's overpraised portrait group of the M.C.C.,

(Concluded on page 302)



"Can I help you at all? Timoshenko? Voroshilov?"

Racing in Ireland

Some of Those Who Went to the Leopardstown Meeting, Dublin



A Leopardstown Trio

Miss Maureen and Miss Veronica Stamford Roche, daughters of Mr. H. Stamford Roche, went racing at Leopardstown with Mr. Torrence Large, who was on leave from the R.A.F. He is the son of Mr. Norman Large, of Ingleside, Carrickmines

Racing Enthusiasts

Mrs. Philip Lucas and Mrs. J. G. Egan were photographed between races. Mrs. Lucas is the wife of Captain Philip Lucas, R.A.S.C., and her father is the great Irish sportsman and racehorse owner, Mr. Tom Fletcher, of Ardmulchan Castle, Co. Meath. Mrs. Lucas is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton



Prepared for the Weather

Armed with fur-lined boots, a muff and a waterproof, Miss Sonia McCairns and Lieut. "Dickie" Prichard-Jones, on leave from his regiment, were together at Leopardstown. Her father is Mr. Tom McCairns, the Irish racehorse owner, and he is the younger son of the late Mr. R. Prichard-Jones and the late Lady Louth, and is heir presumptive to his brother, Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt.

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin

Watching the Big Race

Mrs. Denis Daly, wife of Colonel Denis Daly, 8th Hussars, and Mr. W. M. Shawe Taylor were watching the principal race of the day, the Autumn T.Y.O. Plate, won by the Aga Khan's Dodoma. The Dalys live at Russborough House, Co. Wicklow. Mr. Shawe Taylor won last year's Irish Cesarewitch with the famous horse, The Gripper



Captain and Golfer

Two spectators in the paddock were Captain Roger Shaw, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and Miss Pat McConnell, the well-known Irish golfer. There was a big crowd at the races, who saw Mr. B. J. Hilliard's Taffy-trap beat his stable companion, Mr. L. L. Lawrence's Mabama, in the Leehane Handicap, and Mr. R. More O'Farrell's Nordic carry off the Mallaranny Plate



A Journalist on Holiday

Mrs. Tom McCairns was talking to the Marquess of Donegall, the well-known journalist, who was paying one of his rare visits to Eire. Lord Donegall is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh and Governor of Carrickfergus Castle, in Northern Ireland. Mrs. McCairns is the wife of Mr. Thomas McCairns, of Ashgrove, Glengageary, Co. Dublin

Standing By ...

(Continued)

sometimes called "The Horse Fair," showing the behinds of British cricket notabilities in restive mood.

London seemed swarming with typical Landseer subjects as we stepped out into Green Street, the air full of neighings and snorts and wuffle-wuffles. Repeating the disillusioned lines of Wordsworth (surnamed "Hippokephalos") on the subject of Lucy's features in later years:

She was a Phantom of Delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
Now, for her portrait, I can't fancy a
Better all-round man than Landseer,

we went our disappointed way.

Kindergarten

NO lover of simple, naïve, warm, furry, harmless things, such as baby rabbits, newborn robins, and little actresses, would ever want to scold the B.B.C. Brains Trust boys for their artless gambols, but we can't help feeling they overdid that engaging *simpliste* stuff slightly the other day, when one of the ace brains—was it Slogger Joad?—announced that the Middle Ages held as an article of faith that a given number of angels could dance on the point of a needle.

As every grownup knows, that needle was merely one handy, fanciful illustration out of 1,876,543 in Scholastic Logic, used to assess the relation of spirits to space, and no more an article of faith than a wooden egg. We suspect the Brains Trust boys deem the Middle Ages to be abject fools and themselves to be the final flower of Civilisation, pearls of the ages, and the

noblest work of God; which is extremely laughable—we'd like to lock them in a room for a few hours with Aquinas, or Duns Scotus, or even Abelard—and lets them off a lot of reading, obviously. That stuffed owl, Thinker by name, which joined the Brains Trust recently must have bust its pants with cynical hilarity at this Fourth Form interlude.

Surprise

THE newest rumour about the Brains Trust is that it causes scurvy, and our spies report that the B.B.C. sick-bay or lazaret is crammed with victims in mauve and primrose jumpers, all over spots and lumps, sick with misery and starvation, delirious, ragged, neglected, and raving. A stout lady who gave her name as "Miss F. Nightingale" visited them recently, hit each patient on the scone with a small ivory hammer, and left whistling a tune. What sort of womanly pity is this?

Home

AFTER nearly a century of flourishing activity New York's principal temporary rest-home for financial genius, the Tombs Prison, is to be demolished, with the Bridge of Sighs connecting it with the Criminal Courts.

The Tombs was America's Newgate, so to speak. (Sing-Sing, known in Wall Street circles as "Up-the-River," is much more comfortable for long-term residents and is situated in beautiful country near—unless we err—the charming Indian village of Ossining, connected for ever in our memory with the wondrous flaming crimsons and ochres and purples and golds of a late afternoon in the New England Fall.) Business men new to the Tombs, a lawyer told us,

invariably criticised the appointments and menu severely; the place was in fact haunted by angry ghosts with luxuriant moustaches and baggy eyes and protuberant fancy waistcoats, flashing diamond rings and saying they'd raise hell with Senator Fibbledibber and the boys if something wasn't done right now. Often something was, but the Tombs was never, like Newgate, a sort of public park where citizens could stroll about and now and then smuggle prisoners out. (You remember how friends of Dr. Dodd the forger walked round inside Newgate for a whole day with a dummy figure and a bag of guineas, trying to make a deal.) The Tombs never seemed to damp financial inspiration to any extent, this lawyer added incidentally.

Query

CONSIDERING in our dear mind the essential simplicity of Big Business and the prizes offered to genius in this country—a restful term at Dartmoor and a palace and harem in Surrey, generally in execrable taste—we're only amazed that so few ardent young master-minds are inspired to commit a merger or two. What are they afraid of? The fairies?

Serf

EVERYBODY—nearly everybody—likes being slapped on the back at intervals and told what a fine upstanding fellow he is, the salt of the earth, and many big booksy boys (e.g. Kipling) have cashed in largely on this amiable weakness. The agricultural worker doesn't mind it either, but he'd still like that modest £3 a week minimum he's asking for and richly earns, we discover from recent Arcadian inquiries.

The politicians have been pretty decent, lavishing some of their loudest adjectives on the noble hayseed, Britain's white hope, and sometimes working themselves up into a maniac frenzy, but the feeling in Arcadia is that the Dough talks more to the point. The same goes for those obscure hacks or serfs who "ghost" for leading literary figures at a miserable wage, while the fat rosy booksy boys who exploit them roll round in big cars and deliver pregnant messages on the New World-Order to the nation once a week.

The ill-gotten opulence of literary boys is particularly odious because it is so insolently flaunted. Sardou, for example, had costly marble chairs in his palatial dining-room and a score of flunkies, and we once saw Georges de Porto-Riche, the Pinero of Paris, in his topper and sables, handing half a franc to a taxi-driver with imperial hauteur, looking every inch of his superb ideal name.

Resolve

THE average wage paid by leading British novelists to the hacks who write their stuff is forty shillings a week, out of which they have to find candles, pens, ink, paper, T.B. treatment, and soap-boxes to sit and write on. This is not enough, and we intend to hammer away, if necessary, until we are assassinated by P.E.N. Club narks. Look up, thou much-injured one! (etc., etc. See Carlyle on tailors).

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Please carry on as though I wasn't here"

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Hey! Wouldn't you be better in a convoy?"

"What Did It Get You?"

Gary Cooper Plays Sergeant York, the Man Who Gave Roosevelt His Armistice Day Text

"There are those in this country to-day who asked me and other veterans of World War No. 1: 'What did it get you?'" On these words of Sergeant York, America's great hero of the last war, President Roosevelt built his fine Armistice Day speech two weeks ago. With brilliant appropriateness comes the story of the man who spoke them, filmed by Warner Bros. from Alvin Cullum York's own diary, and with his—hitherto withheld—permission. Gary Cooper plays the lean, tough mountaineer-soldier, and Howard Hawks directed *Sergeant York*, which goes to the Warner Theatre on Friday



1. Alvin C. York (Gary Cooper) is a Tennessee mountaineer who scratches a living from a rocky, barren holding on a hillside and dreams of owning a farm in the rich valley. He is wild and tough, and his fights and drinking-bouts are notorious. When the local pastor admonishes him, York admits he "just ain't got religion"

3. York finds religion in a dramatic way. After Zeb Andrews buys the farm York wants, York, drunk, sets off in a fierce storm with his rifle to revenge himself. Lightning strikes him off his mule, melts his rifle, and convinces him that the hand of God is on him. He goes to his friend, Pastor Pile (played by Walter Brennan), to confess his new faith, and thereafter becomes a devout church member, even teaching in Sunday School



2. York falls in love with a childhood friend, Gracie Williams (Joan Leslie). She cares for him, but is also being courted by Zeb Andrews (Robert Porterfeld), a better-off neighbour. It is Zeb who buys the piece of good bottomland for which Alvin York is saving and saving his money





4. When America enters the war, York is called up. His application for exemption as a conscientious objector is refused, and the brilliant mountaineer marksman becomes a model soldier. He changes his ideas about the war and accepts promotion after a talk with his battalion commander and a spell of leave in which he thinks things over

5. York's famous feat of heroism took place on October 8th, 1918, during the battle of the Argonne. Detailed to attack German machine-gun posts, he shoots twenty-five Germans with twenty-five shots, and he and a handful of men capture 132 others. For this exploit, called "the greatest deed accomplished by an Allied soldier," the real Sergeant York was decorated by Marshal Foch and General Pershing



6. York receives his French decorations and, hailed as a national hero when he returns to America in 1919, he meets Congressman Cordell Hull, of Tennessee (Charles Trowbridge; right). Then he goes home to the rich farm which grateful Tennessee presents to him, and marries his sweetheart, Gracie. In 1941 President Roosevelt quotes these words of York's: "Liberty and freedom and democracy are so very precious that you do not fight to win them once, and stop. Liberty and freedom and democracy are the prizes awarded only to those peoples who fight to win them and then keep on fighting to hold them"

An Architect's Home

Edward Maufe and His Wife at Shepherd's Hill

Edward Maufe's greatest work, Guildford Cathedral, is now in abeyance owing to the war, but another of his most important designs—for the enlargement of St. John's College, Cambridge—has nearly been completed. In any case, he is an architect with a forward vision, and is working on the Royal Academy Committee which is studying problems of reconstruction, besides doing the topical job of designing posts for the Royal Observer Corps. He is himself an Associate of the R.A., and a Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. His wife is an interior decorator



Edward Maufe works in the office which he has converted from the lovely old stables and granary at Shepherd's Hill

A drawing of Guildford Cathedral was used as background for the photographic composition on the right. In the foreground is a wooden statue of the Virgin from Zakopane, in Poland



The view of the entrance below was taken from the roof of the stables-granary-office. Over the doorway is a carving by Eric Gill. The Maufes also own one of the few "all-round" statues by Gill, most of whose work was in relief



Shepherd's Hill, Buxted, a small country house both elegant and homely, was redesigned by its present owner, whose architectural creations include a number of fine country places. It was originally built in 1740 for a well-known Sussex personality of the day, Sir John Fagge

Photographs by Anthony

From the housetop is revealed and granary. Into the pool in mermaid fountain designed by





The day's ride after work is part of the Shepherd's Hill routine, especially for Mr. Maufe, who, as a war measure, has transferred his London office to his country home. Mrs. Maufe, who is a director of the firm of Heal and Son, works in London during the week



In the long-windowed drawing-room are Mr. and Mrs. Maufe, above, he wearing the uniform of the Royal Observer Corps, of which he is an active member, and for which he is designing observation posts

unusual double-dipped roof of the stables foreground plays a bronze dolphin-and-Milles, the celebrated Swedish sculptor



Mrs. Maufe looks over the Sussex farmland which surrounds Shepherd's Hill. The trees in the foreground surround an ancient pentagonal moat. The Maufes at one time ran the farm which belongs to their house, but it is now let



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Portrait

MR. ALEC CAMPBELL JOHNSON prefaces his *Viscount Halifax* (Robert Hale; 21s.) with a defence of contemporary biography—biography, that is to say, of a living man. In his undertaking to write the life of Lord Halifax, and to synthesise "the three distinct phases of his career"—as Edward Wood, Lord Irwin and Viscount Halifax—up to the arrival as our Ambassador to America, Mr. Campbell Johnson admits, at the outset, the existence of certain difficulties. He is also, one feels, in the course of his book, confronted by difficulties that he may not have foreseen. The chief of these is proportion. In this very long book not only (inevitably) the perspective of time but also the perspective of even attempted judgment is lacking. Mr. Campbell Johnson may be very right in feeling that attempts at judgment could only be presumptuous, premature. But he seems too unwilling to give any sort of scale to the different activities of a crowded life—to discriminate, in fact, between the major and the minor.

As a biographer, Mr. Campbell Johnson's discretion takes the form of a curious over-thoroughness. He has crowded his pages, and clouded his narrative, with detail that the reader's mind cannot assimilate. His anxiety to do justice to his subject seems to have overstrained his feeling for relevance. Or, should one more fairly say, he has thrown in everything and left the reader to find what is relevant? This is one method of writing biography—perhaps it is specially suitable to the contemporary—and it has one or two merits that one cannot deny. It is an antidote to two possible faults: arbitrary evaluation and arbitrary pattern. These days, our judgments are not only too quick off the mark, but also often spring from extremely one-sided knowledge or from inability to relate one fact to another. The masses of information in these pages are at least an invitation to thought. Also, there does emerge from them, as one reads on, the spiritual, moral and psychological, as well as the political, portrait of a man.

In fact, Mr. Campbell Johnson, by the use of his method, has been more successful as portraitist than as biographer. It is as a portrait that his book should be read. Those who start with a bias against either the religious or the aristocratic principle, as outstandingly exemplified in Lord Halifax, are, I suppose, not likely to read the book at all. One may take it that any opinions that are impossible either to modify or inform may fairly be regarded as nugatory. The application, throughout a series of offices, of not only an inbred principle (including the concept of fairness) but of religious vision to public life, to statesmanship, is the theme of *Viscount Halifax*. One might say that here is also the study rather of a vocation than a career—if one admits that the word "career," in these days, has taken on rather an ugly ring. The man who sees public life as an obligation, and who, in holding office, is more conscious of the office than he is of

himself—who, in fact, sets out with an integrity founded on having nothing to gain—is bound to be very differently motivated from the man with a strong personal wish to advance: his inspirations and mistakes must have a generic colour.

Background

IN a biography-portrait of Lord Halifax background is thus of very major importance; it is a factor in both appreciation and judgment—and background has, by Mr. Campbell Johnson, been amply and often interestingly supplied. The Wood family history, the family setting—with its strong Yorkshire squirearchal tradition, Anglican religion, close and lyrical home life and active family feeling—have been well brought out.

Mr. Campbell Johnson permits himself, here and there, what one might call an affectionate irony. The character of the second Viscount Halifax, leader of the High Church party, detester of teetotallers, impassioned collector of ghost stories—through which he submitted his children to alarming ordeals—is well sketched in. There is some touch of analysis in the study of the long-lasting relationship between the father and son. One could wish, in a good many contexts, that Mr. Campbell Johnson had been less free with his adjectives—not only his eminent subject, but his reader could do with fewer of the perfunctory and polite. I see little point in adjectives that do not imply judgment: if one wishes to abstain from judgment one should abstain from them.

Edwardians

FEW abstentions from judgment check Miss Enid Starkie's ruthless but brilliant pen in *A Lady's Child* (Faber and Faber; 15s.). Author of one book on Baudelaire, three on Rimbaud, she now chronicles her own childhood and youth. As a study of Edwardian and post-Edwardian Dublin—its wide, silent, tree-planted residential roads,

(Concluded on page 310)



The Late Mr. E. Huskinson

Edward ("Peter") Huskinson edited the "Tatler" for thirty-two years, and retired last April. He was accidentally killed on November 14th while boarding a moving train in the black-out. His tragic death at the age of sixty-three will be deeply felt by a wide circle of friends and his colleagues of *Illustrated Newspapers*, of which he was a director. He was the ninth son of the late William Lambe Huskinson, of Epperstone Manor, Notts., and an uncle of Air-Commodore Patrick Huskinson, the bomb specialist.



Mrs. Rathbone, Unionist Member for Bodmin, calls on Mr. W. S. Rashleigh, Chairman of the S.E. Cornwall Conservative Association, to discuss political affairs before she leaves for a lecture tour in the U.S.A.

All In the Day's Work

Mrs. Rathbone, M.P. for Bodmin,
Sees Things for Herself

Just three months after Flight-Lieut. John R. Rathbone, M.P., was killed in December last year while serving in the R.A.F.V.R., his widow, Mrs. Beatrice Frederika Rathbone, was elected unopposed to succeed him as the Unionist Member for Bodmin, Cornwall. Mrs. Rathbone, a daughter of the late Mr. F. Roland Clough, of Boston, Massachusetts, thus became the only other American-born Member besides Lady Astor to enter the House of Commons. Mrs. Rathbone had already had practical experience of politics—she helped her husband organise his successful campaign in 1935, and spoke for him at meetings—and is very popular in the constituency which she now represents. She was for a time secretary to Sir Walter Monckton at the Ministry of Information, and also took an active part in the organisation of the Children's Overseas Reception scheme. Her own two children, Pauline and Timothy, are now in America, where Mrs. Rathbone hopes to see them when she visits the United States shortly, for a lecture tour, when she will speak to women's meetings on Britain's war effort.

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Some future electors, new-born babies at the Bodmin Maternity Home, meet their M.P. who has two children of her own.



On the platform, the M.P. for S.E. Cornwall addresses a war weapons week meeting at Liskeard. She is an experienced speaker.



Visiting a hospital, Mrs. Rathbone had a chat with blind "Old Dick" Hugo, a well-known figure round about Bodmin.



With Mr. Stanley Maggs, Mayor of Liskeard, Mrs. Rathbone inspects women members of the local F.A.P.



Miss E. K. Adams, Matron of Bodmin Maternity Home, Mrs. E. Hare, W.V.S., and Mrs. Rathbone, open a Bundle from America.



At another war weapons week, at Fowey, in Cornwall, the M.P. takes the salute, protected by a large umbrella.



Mrs. Beatrice Frederika Rathbone at Home

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

its chintz, muslin and marqueterie drawing-rooms, its *élégantes* in Paris and Vienna models imported by Switzers of Grafton Street, its delicious extensions along the Bay, with talkative Sunday luncheons in dining-rooms within sight of the sea, its aesthetes, its scholars, its musical parties, its glitter reflected from Vice-Regal society—*A Lady's Child* could have had, purely, the charm of a pastiche. But the relentless quality of Miss Starkie's vision and the deep melancholic trend of her memory have gone to make this a very disturbing book. Here are comfort, culture and stylishness seen, as it were, through a dark glass pane, by someone who seems to have had, since her infant years, an adult faculty for unhappiness.

In fact, for one little girl this apparently pleasant world was out of joint from the start. This was, to young Enid Starkie, a world of illusions—illusions to which realities had to be sacrificed. She admits to feeling the charm of illusion, but she is hostile to it, she denounces it, she is out to expose its underside of hardness and irresponsibility. Thus, the members of Miss Starkie's family—for the book is about family life—become not only her subjects but her victims. Only her father, dead, and her brother, living, are exempt. Of the others, one is tempted to ask oneself whether they really did deserve such a hard fate. And perhaps the fact that one *does* ask oneself this shows the ultimate and, I hope, not involuntary justice of the picture Miss Starkie has given us.

Ladies

MISS STARKIE's mother is shown us as having been (to put it mildly) too much ruled by her ruling idea—that of the lady. One may say that Ireland, or, rather, one section of Irish society, has been the scene of the last stand of this idea. It is not really a matter of snobbishness; it is a matter of idealism. And as such, I do feel, one owes some honour to it. In Miss Starkie's view, the aspirations and claims of the lady were not only too much honoured—and this does happen in Ireland, where class-tradition is rampant—but were allowed to have, on any lady's surroundings, an absolutely devastating effect. Absence of spontaneous feeling, or what Miss Starkie calls "animal warmth," between parents and children, emotional starvation of the children and consequent warping of their characters, the queering of friendships formed outside an approved circle and an inhibiting, frigid self-consciousness are shown in *A Lady's Child* to beset the upper middle-class home. To offset this, nice manners, correct education, the flattery of adoring family servants and pre-views of dinner tables beautifully set for parties do certainly not, for the children, seem to go very far.

Many writers of Miss Starkie's generation and class have revolted against the traditions in which they were brought up. In most cases, the revolt announces itself in an espousal of Left Wing politics. Miss Starkie's denunciation—for really one must call it so—of her home surroundings is much more interesting and subtle than most (though, at the same time, a good deal more painful and I imagine, pain-giving), because *no* political angle is inferred. There is, thus, an excellent absence of priggishness—how much fairness or unfairness there may be, no outside reader can

say. There were, clearly, faults on all sides—but where are there not faults? One feels a little surprised that Miss Starkie, now a distinguished woman living her own life, should not, in the years since she left home, have been more softened by tolerance. It is true that, as she points out, her freedom was only attained at the cost of a bitter and harsh struggle with poverty, and that that struggle was the result of other people's passion for "doing the grand." Also, the wounds caused in early years must have gone deep and left an abiding mark.

Pink and White

FRIVOLOUSLY speaking, given the possible charm of its subject, one could wish that *A Lady's Child* could have been written by someone less unhappy at home. Miss Starkie when she relents or relaxes, has given us some delicious descriptive passages—the young aunt's bedroom (all white enamel, pink wall-paper, looped muslin, pink bows), the cook Lizzie, the seasonal beauty of gardens, the convent where religious instruction ended with plates of pastries or strawberries, King Edward VII's drive past the Starkies' begarlanded gate, the firelit Dublin schoolroom with its red curtains and peacock-blue walls. Perhaps all these things by themselves, without their stern frame of feeling, would have strung into something no more than sentimental and slight. As it is, we are given a fascinating, distinguished, if rather terrible book that, in quality, ranks high in this autumn's lists.

Seventy Days

"TWO SURVIVED" (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.) as a title speaks for itself. This is the story of Tapscott and Widdicombe, two young West Country sailors who, after seventy days at sea in an open boat, reached the Bahamas alive. Their ship, the British

tramp steamer *Anglo-Saxon*, had been sunk by a German raider in mid-Atlantic on August 21st, 1940. Mr. Guy Pearce Jones has transcribed the story from the direct narration of the two young men while they were convalescing at Nassau—and he has done his part very ably indeed, with a plainness into which his own imagination enters just enough. Just before the *Anglo-Saxon* went down, seven men, among whom were Tapscott and Widdicombe, got away in the jolly-boat, unobserved by the raider who sank others by fire. The seven—the mate, the third engineer, the wireless operator, the ship's gunner, the second cook and the two A.B.s—set their sail, took their bearings, investigated their meagre supplies, and, with hopes of being picked up and trust in the wind and current, managed for the first days to keep their spirits high. Then hopes slackened; then disasters set in. Death came aboard for the first, then not for the first, time. Against all onslaughts, against the almost unthinkable ordeal, we see human will to survive and the human spirit contend. But for the greater part of their almost hopeless journey Tapscott and Widdicombe were to be left alone. The contrast of their two natures, in the huge isolation, becomes as dramatic as only life can be.

If this book were fiction one might say, "It is too terrible to read." But this is fact: can we turn away from knowing about experience that, because of war, has had to be lived through? And the overruling effect is of something grand—laughter, jokes, pub reminiscences, all the devices by which men hold, to the last, to their ordinary selves. At the worst, among the boat's diminishing seven, there is a taciturn defiance of fate. No writer of sea-stories, not even Conrad, could approach the strangeness of this epic *Two Survived*—which is true.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

IT is so difficult for an older generation to understand the view-point of the younger generation without the older one feeling all ominous from time to time; preparatory, I suppose, to "turning in one's grave"—which is the prerogative, apparently, of an older generation when dead. I was intimate, for example, with the young men of 1914; I am almost equally intimate with the young men of 1941. And, believe me, the difference, though subtle, is undoubtedly there. Happily, the basic human qualities are identical. All the same, I have to adjust myself rapidly on occasion to the superficialities of view-point and conduct; and, after all, in human relationship it is the superficialities with which we come more often in contact. The main thing is to recognise them as such and neither to condemn nor go all-illuminated with optimism and hope.

Perhaps the most startling of these superficial differences is the modern male attitude towards women. The old reverence for womanhood as womanhood seems to have disappeared altogether. It is now simply a question of the women-who-will, the women-who-won't and the women-who-may—with a little persuasion. Just as simple as all that! A kind of new moral etiquette; of, perhaps, an old one, once hidden, now come definitely out into the open. It may be healthier or not, it may be better or not so good, but decidedly it is not so pretty. It is, however, much more real. And, if you don't like it, you may blame modern education,

the sexier films, modern science, the mushy manning of crooners, or, simply women themselves. This fact remains, however; the old poetical tinsel, the old romance and sentiment, the old "mystery"—that mental attitude once so rhapsodised and which was such a delicious weapon worn by women in definite pursuit—has joined the dodo in obscurity. Well, women always know what they are doing and why; men usually haven't the slightest idea. Women are realists—realists who write fairy-tales which, once upon a time, men loved to believe they believed. It made love so deliciously unearthly. Nowadays, the sexes have got their feet, so to speak, very definitely on the ground. If there still remains a "fairy-tale," it's "swung"!

Whether as a consequence of this or not—I cannot pretend to say—modern language has also definitely become lurid. Words—both "bad" and indescribably vulgar—which used to be employed only on occasion have now become a kind of natural recitation. All are unprintable and once upon a time they used to be unmentionable. Nowadays, they are part of a very common language, which, when not actually in use, creates an atmosphere suggestive of pale curates and maiden ladies easily inclined to stiffen and shudder when "lousy" takes the place of "not very nice." It is all most strange, but it is unimportant. Hypocrisy is one of the only really shocking things.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Ager, Northampton

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Steward

Lieut. Charles Anthony Steward and Feridah Farrell were married in August. He is the son of the late Captain C. K. Steward, and Mrs. Steward, of Vynlers Manor, Crick, Rugby. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. F. Farrell, of Wallerstown, Moynalty, Co. Meath



Pearl Freeman

Monica Mary Lawson

Second Subaltern Monica Mary Lawson, A.T.S., only daughter of Sir Arnold Lawson, the ophthalmic surgeon, and Lady Lawson, of 12, Harley Street, W.1, has announced her engagement to Lieut.-Col. Thomas George Martin, D.C.L.I., son of the late T. Martin, and Mrs. Martin, of St. Dominic's, Cornwall



Yevonde

Daphne Humphrys

Second Officer Helen Daphne Humphrys, W.R.N.S., daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Humphrys, of Charlton Park, Canterbury, Kent, is engaged to Capt. Alfred P. Edmeades Baker, son of Sir Herbert and Lady Baker, of Owletts, Cobham, Surrey. Her brother, Sec.-Lt. Humphrys, is engaged to General Wavell's eldest daughter



Lenare

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hill

Lieut. Peter Maxwell Clive Hill, R.A. (seconded R.A.F.), son of Air Marshal R. M. Hill, Director of Technical Developments at the Air Ministry, and Mrs. Hill, was married in October to Daphne Mary Gompertz, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. V. Gompertz, and Mrs. Gompertz, of Barton-on-Sea, Hants.



Lenare

Ann Mason

Irene Elizabeth Ann Mason, only daughter of Colonel the Hon. G. K. M. and Mrs. Mason, of 4, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, and granddaughter of Lord Blackford, is engaged to Sub-Lieut. Godfrey Woodbine Parish, R.N.V.R., Fleet Air Arm, youngest son of C. Woodbine Parish, of Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Parish



Victor Hey

Catherine Agnes Blackwood

Catherine Agnes Blackwood is engaged to the Hon. Alexander Pascoe Hovell-Thurlow-Cumming-Bruce, youngest son of the Rev. Lord and Lady Thurlow. She is the daughter of the Rev. Hamilton and Mrs. Blackwood, of Lyndrich, Scalby, near Scarborough



Elliott & Fry

Audrey Leishman

Audrey Leishman announced in October that she would be married shortly to Ian S. Davidson, son of Brigadier and Mrs. Davidson, of May Cottage, Tolland Bay, I.O.W. She is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Leishman, and Lady Leishman, of 33, Southgate Street, Winchester

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Uncertain Paper

"A CERTAIN portion of uncertain paper!" You will find this line in stanza 218 of the adventures of *Don Juan*, where Byron made the remark: "What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper!" This hits home a bit hard in these present times, particularly where the Fourth Estate is concerned. Circumstances are such that even that ruthless clan, the Editors, has been forced to admit that their friend of centuries, and perhaps one might say, their favourite publisher, the W.P.B., has now ceased to exist. There is no such thing as waste paper and the "ropiest drivell of rheumatic brains" has a value which even the most picky of editors must surely recognise; and if he does not, then we can but conclude that he must have joined the sneering band which so loftily boasts that it "never reads the papers." Every sheet is now of almost priceless value, no matter what may be printed thereupon. We must not cast it into the consuming flames, even if it be only a verbose, and perhaps indignant, prose-poem from "A Husband and a Father," "Plain Citizen," "Watchdog" or even "A Mother of Ten." It is all wanted and we are asked to do no more than to tie it up in bundles and leave the rest to the collectors.

An Ark Royal "Jockey"

AMONGST the gallant complement of that fine fighting ship, who were so providentially saved, was a young officer who is



The Rugger Captains of Oxford and Cambridge

Guy M. Colson, St. Edward's and Trinity, is to captain the Oxford XV. in their match against Cambridge this week. The Oxford forwards show a great improvement this season, and put up a very good show in their recent matches with Rosslyn Park and Major Stanley's XV. on their home ground

a connection of mine, and who, when he was a snotty in another ship, was one of the intending "jockeys" at that race at "Gib.", which is reserved for officers of that exalted rank. A short time before the great contest, he wrote to me and asked whether, if the horse he rode won when it was running away, he would be disqualified. I hastened to assure him that in such a case nothing would be said, but that, if the animal *failed to win* when running away, the stewards might be a bit terse about it. Stewards have been known to be so in some similar cases, which it is not politic to recall.

The grief of the First Lord and of all in the Senior Service at the untimely end of so grand a ship is shared by everyone who knows what it means to those who serve at sea. The only consolation is that she died the death she herself would have chosen.

A Down-Trodden Sect

THE whips and scorns to which the members of an honourable profession have been subjected all down through the ages of man, have been augmented by the passing of the Solicitors Act by which the white sheep is compelled to be responsible for the black. Broadly viewed, this is an unqualifiable fardel.

If solicitors, then why not horse-dealers, house-dealers, dog-dealers and even cat-merchants, for, as to the last-named, everyone must recall the leading case of the short-docked Tom (ped. unknown) who was foisted upon an innocent purchaser for value as genuine Manx?



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge's Rugger captain, R. P. Sinclair, Bedford and Trinity Hall, has skippered the team in all their matches so far this season. Cambridge XV., who show distinct promise, were narrowly beaten by the Army, and drew with Rosslyn Park, who had lost to Oxford a week earlier. The two Universities are to meet on Saturday



Poole, Dublin

At Leopardstown Races, Dublin

Mr. Joseph McGrath and Mr. Fred Clarke, the popular Irish racing official, were at a recent Leopardstown meeting. Mr. McGrath, formerly the Minister for Industry and Commerce in the Third Dail, owns the Brownstown Stud, at The Curragh. He hopes to win the Derby next year with Windsor Slipper, for whose dam, Carpet Slipper, he recently paid 14,000 guineas

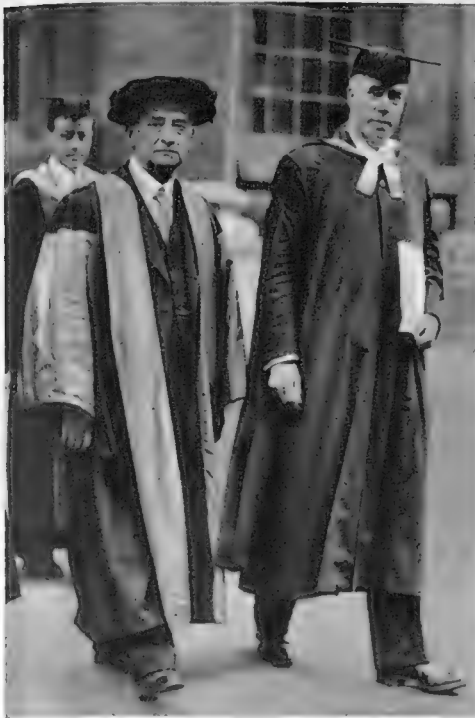
This Act is due, I feel sure, in no small measure, to the conduct of the dramatists and novelists, whose pleasure it seems to have been to pour contumely upon the solicitor and defame him either by direct attack or oratio obliqua.

Legal Love-making

THE solicitor has even been libelled in connection with his conduct of the affairs of the heart, and we have been asked to accept it as a fact that he has (purely from force of orderly habit as one must presume) headed an amatory epistle "Yourself ats. Myself," or a jealous protest "In Re Bullhouse And Ors." This is not so. It may be, however, that a case has arisen at a later period when the course of true love has begun to run over uncharted rocks and the Scylla and Charybdis, with which such operations are so frequently beset, that a solicitor may have written:

"Myself ats. Yourself—In reply to yours of the 3rd inst. in answer to mine of the 14th ult., I should be obliged if you would make further search for mine of the 13th March addressed to your good self, which does not appear to have been returned to me along with the other correspondence in this matter. To aid you to refresh your memory I might mention that it is the letter commencing 'Dearest Amelia' and continuing: 'Further and pursuant to our conversation of the 7th ult., the purport of which you may recall, I should be deeply obliged by your confirmation in writing of the arrangement then made for an appointment on the 4th prox. at the Church of St. Barnacle-super-Mare.' Upon receipt of this document I shall be only too happy to return the woollen slippers which your mother was so kind as to knit for me and which are, at the moment of writing, unworn."

Such a communication, I repeat, may have emanated from any prudent solicitor; but otherwise in the affairs of this vale of sorrows, the profession, as a whole, is much the same as you and I, for whom no extra



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Honours Greece

M. Emmanuel Tsouderos, Prime Minister of Greece, received an honorary D.C.L. degree at Oxford. Above he is seen with the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Sir David Ross. In a speech Mr. J. G. Barrington Ward, the Deputy Public Orator, said that Oxford was happy to pay an indirect compliment to the gallant nation of which M. Tsouderos is the leader

and specific criminal legislation appears to be considered necessary.

An Official Handicap

THIS note only refers to the handicapping of some young horses and has nothing whatever to do with what they were talking about in the Commons the other day! Last week we had a very good unofficial rating of this season's two-year-olds; now we have got the official one, which differs very slightly.

The Newmarket amateur expert said that he considered the King's filly Sun Chariot 3 lb. better than her stable companion Big Game. Mr. Fawcett, the official dispenser, says only 1 lb. I believe that the Newmarket expert's assessment is much nearer the mark, taking a line through Watling Street, which colt, but for his unfortunate display in the Middle Park Stakes, must be considered to be about the same thing as Big Game. Our Newmarket friend made him out to be 1 lb. worse than Big Game, which was a very fair deduction on the Champagne Stakes form when Big Game won by a short head only. Mr. Fawcett says that Watling Street is 2 lb. worse than Big Game and 3 lb. worse than Sun Chariot. The Newmarket handicapper has said that he is 4 lb. inferior to the King's filly.

I do not think that anyone would have crossed swords with either the official or the non-official if they had said that Watling Street was 7 lb. worse than Sun Chariot, judged on the Middle Park Stakes running. We are asked to disregard that performance, and, seemingly, both these handicappers have agreed so to do, but I wonder whether either of them were right? Watling Street's form on his running with Big Game was far too bad to be true, but what a pity Big Game was not in that Middle Park Stakes! It would have been of interest, since we have



PAPER CHASE

If you haven't ransacked your house for waste paper—Do It Now. Clear out old letters, books, music, time-tables, catalogues. Every scrap is wanted for 'munitions'—cartridge- and shell-cases, mines, radio sets, machine-gun belts. Tie it up in bundles, keep dry and, if possible, do a little sorting. Your local council will collect

been told that at home Sun Chariot has proved herself to be so definitely his superior.

Edward Huskinson

ALL those who served with the late Editor of THE TATLER, I feel sure, will desire, as I do, to associate themselves with the editorial expression of sorrow at his tragic and most untimely death, and to extend to his widow and family an expression of the deepest sympathy. Personally, I can claim twenty-six years' service with him, but at least two others of the editorial staff can top this score. In his earlier days Teddy Huskinson was a more than average good cricketer, a bowler by trade; and, although he never got his cap for Notts County, the abbreviation *prox. acc.* can be affixed to his name. He also played rugger, and was likewise well able to hold his own at lawn-tennis. He was an enthusiastic



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford's W.V.S. Workers

Lady Townsend, a Centre Organiser of the W.V.S., and Mrs. N. J. Nock, one of her helpers, were at the presentation ceremony of two new emergency food-vans at Oxford. Lady Townsend served the first meal from one of them. She is the wife of Sir John Townsend, of Banbury Road, Oxford, who received a knighthood in the 1941 New Year's Honours

amateur sailor, and a well-known member of that famous small-boat club at Bembridge. He probably spent the happiest hours of his life in that particular milieu. The death of one so very full of life has naturally come as a most unwelcome shock to all his friends.



Officers of a Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps

Front row: Capts. A. F. C. Brown, H. B. Cortis, H. C. Lovell, Major S. E. Trotter, the Commanding Officer, Capt. B. T. McDermid, Major P. A. Forsythe, M.M., Capts. A. J. Elueick Harrison, M. Cole
Second row: Capt. W. P. A. Tulloch, Lieuts. H. V. Cobb, W. G. Pether, T. J. G. Eastman, Capt. A. Winter, M.C., Lieuts. R. W. Hodge, M.M., C. E. Vagg, W. M. Bowie, R. W. Whitehead, Capt. R. O. Edwards
Third row: Capt. T. Kelsey, M.C., D.C.M., Lieuts. A. Chapman, P. Laidlay, D. W. H. Johnson, P. F. Nind, Sec.-Lieut. J. E. Bingham, Lieuts. W. K. Elles, A. W. Harvey, Capt. W. H. C. Mansfield, D.S.O.
Back row: Lieuts. G. W. M. Hare, E. C. King, M.C., Sec.-Lieut. L. V. Read, Lieuts. T. Springer, W. H. Daniel, R. B. Cave, F. G. Squire, A. W. Pilcher

Getting Married (Continued)



Fenwick—Edwards

Pilot-Officer John Fenwick, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Fenwick, of Callerton Hall, Ponteland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Sheila Edwards, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Edwards, of Edendale, Cardiff, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Lafayette

Mrs. Francis Hutchinson

Second Subaltern Muriel Grieve, A.T.S., daughter of the late John Grieve, W.S., and Mrs. Grieve, of Charlecote, Fort William, was married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, to Captain Francis Hutchinson, R.A., son of the late Major-Gen. F. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Hutchinson, of Llandour, Helensburgh



Macintyre—Strickland

Comdr. Donald G. F. W. Macintyre, D.S.O., R.N., son of the late Major-Gen. D. C. F. Macintyre, and Mrs. Macintyre, of More, Upper Hertford, and Monica Strickland, daughter of the late Roger Strickland, and Mrs. Strickland, of Stone Cross, Ulverstone, were married at Brompton Oratory. He commanded the destroyer which captured Otto Kretschmer, the U-boat ace, and his crew



Stock—Mileham

Sec.-Lieut. Richard Stock, Royal Fusiliers, eldest son of Brian H. Stock, of Lyme Regis, Dorset, and Mrs. Vera Stock, and Valerie Mileham, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Mileham, of the Old Fishery House, Boxmoor, Herts., were married at St. John's, Boxmoor



Stewart-Liberty—Fynn

Captain Arthur Ivor Stewart-Liberty, Royal Bucks Yeomanry, and Rosabel Fynn, youngest daughter of Mrs. Gladys Fynn, of Fair Winds, New Milton, Hants., were married at St. John's, the Lee, Bucks. His parents are Captain and Mrs. Ivor Stewart-Liberty, of the Lee Manor, Bucks.



Ellerton—Matthews

Captain John F. W. Ellerton, R.A., son of F. Ellerton, R.A., and the late Mrs. Ellerton, of Woodford Green, and Molly Matthews, W.A.A.F., daughter of Wing-Commander and Mrs. Stuart Matthews, of Loughton, Essex, now at Gable End, Stanmore, Middlesex, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Watson—Hopkinson

Sec.-Lieut. Andrew Page Watson, G.M., Lancs. Fusiliers, son of the late A. S. Watson, and Mrs. Watson, of Wallasey, Cheshire, and Marianne Ethel Hopkinson, M.T.C., daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hopkinson, of Wilverley, Sway, Hants., were married at Sway Parish Church



Booth—Watt

Richard Joshua Frederick Booth, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Booth, of Chester-ton Priory, Peterborough, and Margaret Watt, daughter of Stanley Watt, of 15, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Johnson, Oxford

Hetherington—Gubsky

Captain A. Carleton Hetherington, only son of the late A. Hetherington, and Mrs. Hetherington, of Bank House, Silloth, and Xenia Gubsky, only daughter of Nicolai Gubsky, the novelist, and Mrs. N. Gubsky, of 23, Clavering Avenue, Barnes, S.W.13, were married at Oxford City Church

The King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard



In the line of True Tradition

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

WILL ALWAYS STAND SUPREME

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Birds of a Feather

It may be—though I have not yet worked the whole thing out in detail—but it may be that the humble hen has an important lesson to teach the advocates of the big bomber.

One of the things that have held my interest for twenty-five years or more is the relationship between aeroplane size and work to be done. I have watched and searched for every fact that might suggest a means of arriving at the optimum aircraft size for a given task.

In nature the relation between size and behaviour is not so mysterious. The behaviour of the flea and the elephant is to some extent the determinant of their respective sizes (see that famous essay, "On Being the Right Size"), but what of the big and little aeroplane? What, as that is the thing that matters most to the country just now, of the big and little bomber?

The other day a doctor friend sent me a copy of *The Lancet* in which he argued that new light was shed on the whole problem of optimum bomber size, and nastily added that the facts given went far to destroy my case in favour of the smallest bomber for the biggest bomb. On looking at the passage marked I found it referred to the hen and the cow.

Priority

THE Government, both in this war and in 1914-18, has given priority to the cow as a food producer on the grounds that it is more efficient at that job than the hen. Hen champions have rushed forward to defend it. But this article makes the point that, although the hen is a remarkably good converter of food, it is an expensive converter.

Then comes the amusing and interesting tentative explanation that "the hen is a small animal with a high body temperature (104 degrees F.) and the cow a large animal with less body surface relative to its weight and a lower temperature (101 degrees F.). Consequently the hen uses up many more calories in her daily avocations than does the cumbrous and voluminous cow. She is an uneconomical manufacturer of food because her overhead expenses are extravagant."

Surely there is a hint which might lead us somewhere in our search for a formula which

will enable us to deduce the optimum aircraft size from the task set? When we have to convey 100 tons of high explosive to enemy country is it better to use 100 small aeroplanes or far fewer big ones? Ought we to imitate the expensive hen, or the "cumbrous and voluminous cow"?

My friend argues that the big aeroplane, just like the cow, has less body surface to weight carried and is therefore aerodynamically (wetted surface) and in other ways superior. And this line of argument does look fruitful.

But one always comes back to the point that hens are easier to handle, take less space, are cheaper in man-hours to maintain, and can be brought to the productive stage more quickly. Surely in bombing there is need for the aircraft that is easy to handle, takes less space, is cheaper in man-hours to maintain and can be brought to the productive stage more quickly?

Then again there is always the tactical complication. The big machine is less likely—other things being equal—to be able to pierce strong fighter screens than the small one. I shall think about the hen and the cow; but I am still a believer in the smallest bomber for the biggest bomb as a supplement to the very large machine. I do appreciate the excellence of the new big machines; but I still think that the smaller ones are also needed.

Draughtswomen

WOMEN ought to be able to do well in the drawing offices of the aircraft companies, and the Phillips and Powis plan for training them in draughtsmanship is to be welcomed.

The school is under the direction of the company's chief draughtsman and the first course has been in session for some little time. Mrs. F. G. Miles, who is a director of the company and who has done so much successful design work herself, is taking a personal interest in the training of the women.

The course covers fourteen weeks and begins with lessons in lettering and tracing. Old drawings are copied and the trainees develop to more intricate work.

After the drawing course the trainees spend two months in the shops and then, if fully qualified, they take up work in the drawing office.

A knowledge of mathematics is a help, but it is not essential. There is no age limit.



An Aerodrome Christening

Harriet Ann Thynne, daughter of Wing-Com. Brian Thynne, A.F.C., and Mrs. Thynne, was christened in the camouflaged chapel of an aerodrome in the north. Viscountess Allendale, the Hon. Mrs. Montagu, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, and two fighter pilots were the baby's godparents. Wing-Com. Thynne is Colonel and Mrs. Ulric Thynne's younger son, and Mrs. Thynne was formerly Miss Naomi Waters, of Sydney, Australia.

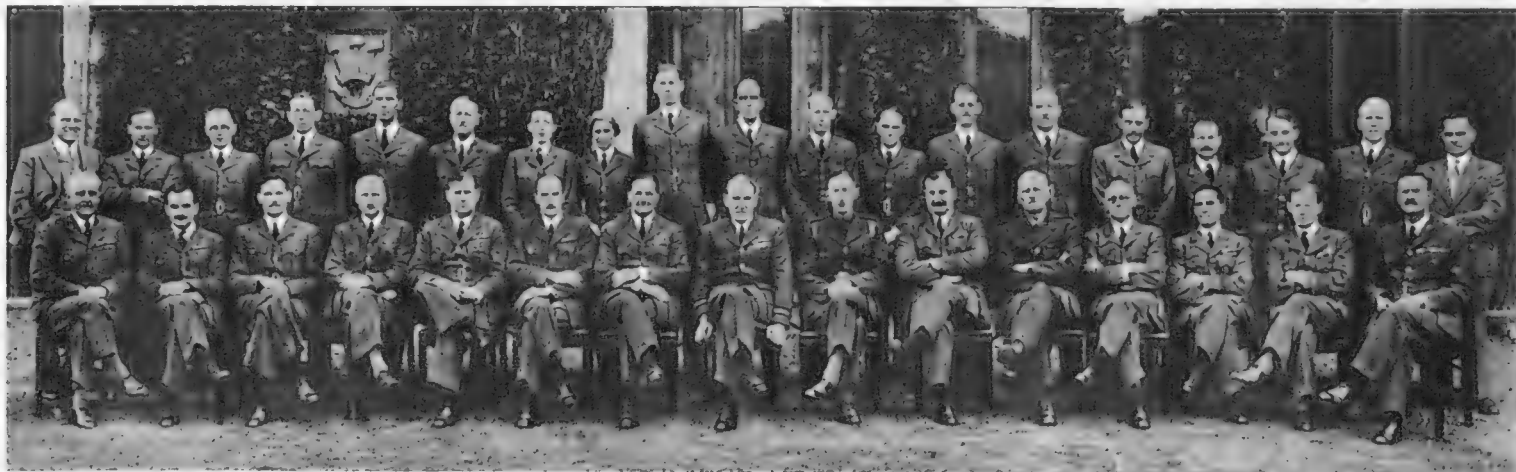
Sir Hugh Dowding

It was extremely good to see that Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding had been brought back on the active list so soon after his retirement. In these notes I ventured to ask how it could be that the Air Council to-day could afford to do without the services of the officer who has the greatest air-war achievement of all to his credit—namely, the victory in the air battles over Britain.

I feel that the Air Council showed wisdom in bowing immediately to the public sentiment and public opinion that called for the continued full employment of Sir Hugh in the Service.

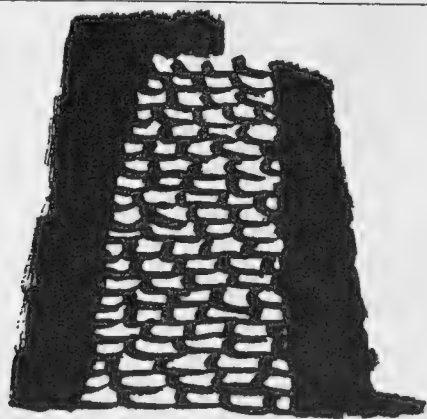
As I understand it, Sir Hugh will tour R.A.F. stations and will investigate their establishments to see if there are any "passengers." That is the right idea. There must be high efficiency in the use of man and woman power if we are to develop our full strength.

That we are getting towards that point was shown by the Prime Minister's statement at the Mansion House when he revealed that our Air Force is now at least equal in size and numbers to the German air power.



An R.A.F. Bomber Group of H.Q. Staff

This photograph was taken on the occasion of the departure of the Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice-Marshal A. Coningham, who was leaving to take up another appointment. Front row: Sq.-Ldrs. J. F. Lewis, M. M. Fleming, D.F.C., R. K. Willey, D.F.C., F. J. H. Firth, Wing-Coms. J. J. A. Sutton, D.F.C., G. F. Humphries, Group-Capt. A. MacGregor, M.B.E., D.F.C., Air Vice-Marshal A. Coningham, D.S.C., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C., Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Theobalds, Wing-Com. H. A. Evans-Evans, Major E. W. Rosling, Sq.-Ldrs. J. G. B. Hutchings, E. A. Grant, T. M. Buchanan, V. C. Harvey, M.C. Back row: Mr. R. G. Veryard, Flt.-Lieuts. G. H. Wass, G. D. Fenwick, F.-Os P. Feighan, A. E. Lowe, Flt.-Lieut. G. M. Sorley, S.-Os N. M. Newton, S. V. Williamson, Flt.-Lieuts. the Hon. S. N. de Yarburgh-Bateson, L. G. Jonas, L. E. Otley, F. N. la F. Flint, R. W. Johnson, P.-Os D. L. Annan, F.-O. G. C. L. Brigham, Flt.-Lieut. W. V. Noble, Wing-Com. E. Donovan, F.-O. P. J. J. Savary, Mr. F. Davies



**When
they take away
the
sandbags**

Down come the sandbags. Off come the headlamp masks. Into the waste-paper basket go our ration books. When all these glad things happen, will you be able to say, "I strove for this peace with everything I could command"?

We cannot all fight with our lives. We can, and must, all fight with our money.

In 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds it will be fighting in very truth, in the guns, planes, ships and tanks it is paying for.

NOW is the moment to act. Not a day, not an hour can we afford to waste. See your banker or stockbroker at once.

3%
SAVINGS
BONDS
1955-65

2½%
NATIONAL
WAR BONDS
1949-51

These are full Trustee Securities and are obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. For each Security there is also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

★Give National Savings Gift Tokens this Christmas. You can buy Tokens up to any amount in units of 15/- at Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks or through Savings Groups. The recipient can exchange them for Savings Certificates or use them to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



***His Greatcoat
and Your Overcoat***

We are authorities on comfort. We take an equally important part in equipping both officers of all the Services and civilians for their common campaign against the chill of winter. Good clothes, faultless tailoring and absolute correctness of detail are in every Austin Reed coat, whether it be of the 'great' or 'over' variety. Service greatcoats, ready for service or made to measure, from 10 guineas. Ulsters ready to wear cost 8 guineas and upward.

AUSTIN REED

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

Aldershot, Alton (Staffs), Amesbury, Barmouth, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grantham, Harrogate, Hove, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Richmond (Yorks), Sheffield, Shrivenham, Southampton.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



A Jaeger suit is a necessity in the winter wardrobe, as it is light, warm, practical, very smart, and, above all, distinctive. Another strong point in its favour is that it cleans admirably. This is very important in these days of coupons. Illustrated above on the left is a casual cardigan suit with a thigh-length jacket. In soft green shades of check it may be seen in this firm's salons at 204, Regent Street, accompanied with an infinite variety of wrap-coats as well as classic coats and skirts. Furthermore, there are "odd skirts" which are so useful for country wear, the scheme being completed with a long coat and pullover. Again there are the twin sets, many of the pullovers having high necks

Christmas will be robbed of the majority of its pre-war festivities: nevertheless there will be many simple "gatherings" primarily destined for those "on leave." Therefore, women are replenishing their wardrobes with the utmost care. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have contributed the lovely dinner frock on the right. It is carried out in white myosotis crêpe enriched with silver and white embroidery. The sleeves are arranged with crushed gauging and so is the miniature tablier in front. This idea may be repeated in black or pastel shades. This model may be modified in any way to suit the prospective purchaser, either for weddings or social functions



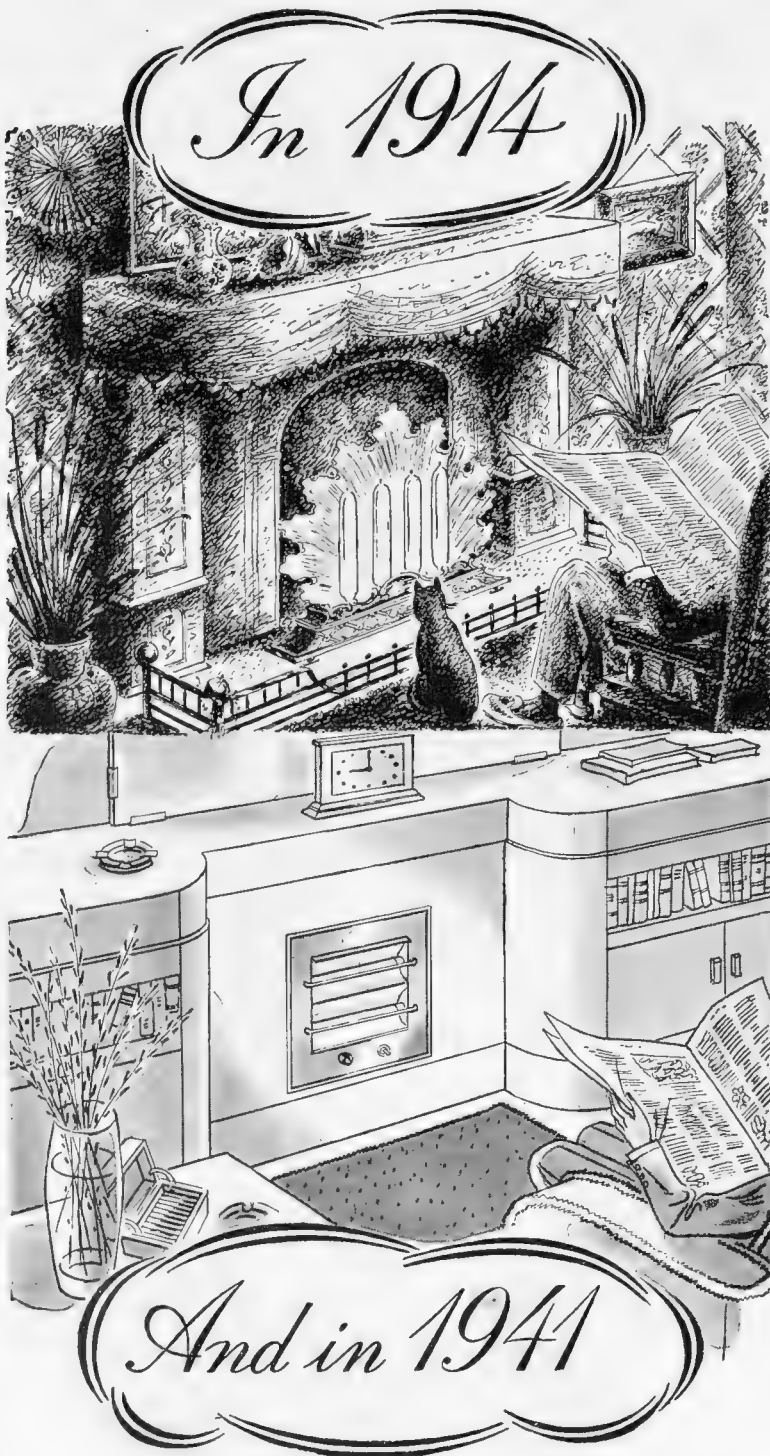
A feature is being made at Debenham and Freebody's of little "leave frocks." It is a festive but simple one which is illustrated on the left. It is short and carried out in black crêpe, the corsage being arranged with net and embroidery. Useful frocks for informal dances are also well represented in fine crêpe; the material appliquéd on net gives an attractive finish. It must not be forgotten that there is an infinite variety of wool dresses to be seen. The younger woman will do well to visit the Inexpensive Department, as informal, simple affairs from 5½ guineas are to be found there. They may be styled "throughout the day" frocks, as many of them are made of wool. On application this firm would be pleased to send a brochure. There is one devoted to furs





Permanently Yours

EUGÈNE



THE quaint looking G.E.C. electric heater of 1914 is linked with its modern streamlined version by over a quarter of a century of continuous progress in the electrical industry. Science never stands still—not even in wartime—and just as the G.E.C. continued to progress through the last war, so to-day, it is keeping abreast of the latest developments and improvements in everything electrical for the home.

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE night-clerk of the hotel was surprised to see a battered-looking person in his shirt-sleeves come rocking up to the desk and pause there groggily.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I'd like," said the stranger, laboriously, "to be 'scorted to Room 202 on the secon' floor."

"Two hundred and two?" repeated the clerk. He consulted the register. "Why, that room is occupied by Mr. Oscar J. Billups, of Toledo, Ohio, and it's pretty late to be rousing a guest."

"I know that, well as you do," stated the inebriated one. "Nevertheless, I want to be shown to Room 202 without any further con-con-ver—any further talk."

"What business have you got there?" demanded the clerk.

"Thash my business."

"Well, what's your name, then?"

"I'm Mr. Oscar J. Billups, of Toledo. I juslit fell out of the window."

HERE are some recent schoolboy "howlers":

Luther did not die a natural death; he was excommunicated by a bull.

Poetry is where every line starts with a capital letter.

Punctuality is hard to remedy once it is firmly established in the system.

Excommunication means that no one is to speak to someone.

The doctor felt his patient's purse.

In some countries you have to produce a certificate before you can prove you are born.



"Shouldn't we do something? He keeps tapping S.O.S."

ALL the guests except one had left the dining-room, and he was busy emptying his pockets of the spoons.

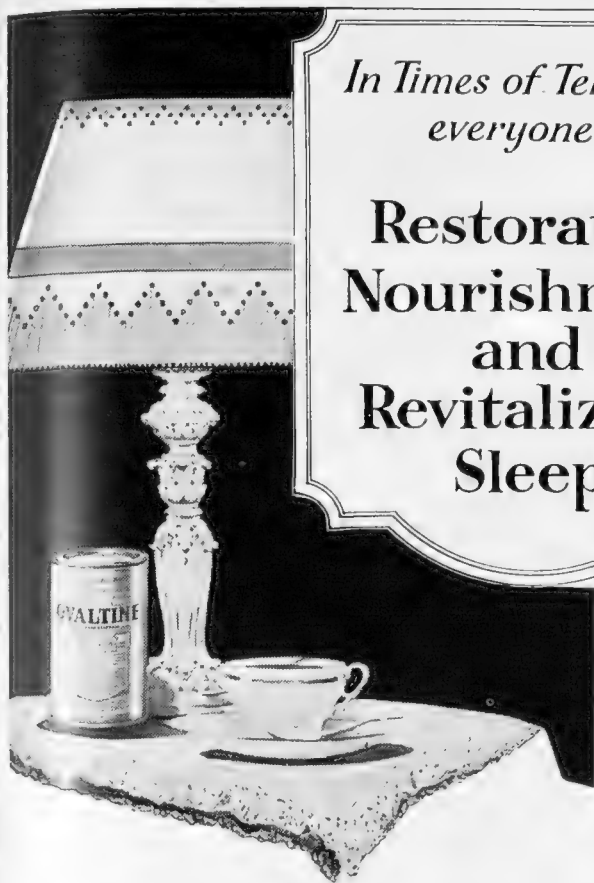
The host returned to the room suddenly, and found his guest there. "So that's your game!" he exclaimed. "What have you to say about this?"

"I can assure you it was all a mistake," replied the guest, soothingly.

"A mistake?"

"Yes," explained the guest, "I thought they were real silver."

(Concluded on page 322)



*In Times of Tension—
everyone needs*

Restorative Nourishment and Revitalizing Sleep

AT the present time abnormal stresses and strains are the common experience of every one. Such conditions, however, can be met with cheerfulness and confidence if health and vitality are maintained at a high level.

It is therefore most important to remember that our fitness and vitality depend almost entirely upon two factors in your daily life—*restorative nourishment and revitalizing sleep*. It is for this reason that Ovaltine serves such a valuable purpose in your bedtime dietary.

'Ovaltine' contains the nutritive elements needed for building up health and maintaining energy. For Ovaltine is, in itself, a scientifically complete food, providing valuable restorative nutriment which repairs and rebuilds the worn cells and tissues of the body.

As a bedtime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' has notable advantages. Although entirely free from drugs, the special properties of 'Ovaltine' help to relieve nervousness and induce sleep quickly, and its revitalizing nourishment re-creates strength and energy while you sleep.

It is important to note that the restorative properties of 'Ovaltine' are due not only to the nature and high quality of its constituents, but also to the proportions in which they are used and the exclusive scientific methods of preparation.

Drink Delicious

Ovaltine

The Restorative Food Beverage

Price in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

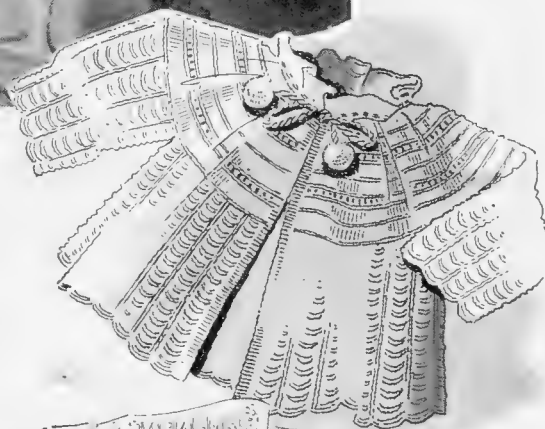
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HARRODS

GIFTS
OF
WELCOME
WARMTH



(Above)
Soft as a kitten's ear—
Angora, for this fluffy
hand-knitted bed jacket
with its threaded waistline
and satin bows. Pastels
of peach and blue
(WU 313). Small and
average
sizes.
5 coupons. **59/6**



Lingerie—First Floor



(Above)
Hand knit in scallops,
with a rounded yoke and
pom-pom draw strings.
Pink, peach, sky or white
(WU314). Small and
average
sizes.
5 coupons. **45/9**

(Above and right)
Two bed jackets in double
lace wool trimmed hand
crochet. Peach or sky.
With collar and tie bow
(WU 315), or V neck for
the older woman (WU316).
Either style in women's
size.
Outsize 21/9. **18/9**
5 coupons
each.

HARRODS LTD

SLOane 1234

LONDON SW1

Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 320)

Two Home Guards, in full uniform, entered an hotel lounge and asked for drinks.

The waiter supplied them and remarked smilingly that they were paid for.

"And whom have we to thank for these?" asked one of the Home Guards.

"That gentleman over there," replied the waiter. "He thought you're real soldiers."

"Who goes there?" the sentry challenged.

"Lord Gort," answered the tipsy recruit.

Again the sentry put the question and received a like answer, whereupon he knocked the offender down.

When the latter came to, the sergeant was bending over him.

"See here!" said the sergeant, "why didn't you answer right when the sentry challenged you?"

"Holy St. Patrick!" replied the recruit, "if he'd do that to Lord Gort, what would he do to plain Mike Flanagan?"

"My advice to you, colonel, is to go through the movements of driving without using the ball," said the golf instructor.

"My dear fellow," answered the colonel, "that's precisely the trouble I'm wanting to overcome!"

"DARLING," said the wife at breakfast, "I think I'll have my fortune told. Would you advise me to go to a palmist or a mind reader?"

"Better make it a palmist, dear," replied her husband, blandly. "After all, you have got a palm."



"Do you think I ought to write those 1,000 lines, Sir, in view of the serious paper shortage?"

THE two commercial travellers were discussing the careless manner in which trunks and suitcases are handled by some railway companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one of them, smiling reminiscently, "I labelled each of my bags: 'With Care—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?"

"Well, I don't know; you see, they shipped the whole darned lot to Hong Kong."

"PETER, dear," said mother reprovingly, "I was hoping you would be unselfish enough to give your little sister the largest piece of candy. Why, even that old hen will give all the nicest dainties to her little chicks and take only a tiny one once in a while for herself."

"I daresay, mummy," replied Peter, with a grin, "I'd do the same thing if it was worms!"

"Did you know that if you struck this pedestrian he would be seriously injured?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, your worship," replied the motorist.

"Then why didn't you zig-zag your car and miss him?"

"He was zig-zagging himself and outguessed me," was the answer.

AN Englishman visited an American friend who employed a large number of negroes.

The visitor attended their Sunday service, after which the negro preacher asked him how he liked the sermon. The reply was complimentary and the negro grinned.

Then came the remark: "I think you should preach to your people on the sinfulness of theft—stealing fowls and eggs."

The preacher's face became gloomy, and he replied: "Well, sah, I hab tried dat style, but somehow it always seemed to trow a kind of coolness ober de meeting."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



AIR MAIL—PAR AVION

Dear Hawkins:

Last time I was Home on leave you expressed a wish to accompany me as batman "if the necessary strings could be manipulated, as it were". Unfortunately, they couldn't, and my frugal wants are ministered to by a batman who was, in private life, a professional strong man in a circus. A most excellent man, but lacking both flair and temperament for making a really capable valet.

Will you believe it, Hawkins, when I tell you that he'd never

heard of Rose's Lime Juice, and actually thought that a hangover was a term used by performers on the flying trapeze? Needless to say, that gap in his education has already been made good.

We can get plenty of Rose's Lime Juice out here, but I doubt if it flows very plentifully at Home these days. Still, do lay in a few bottles if you can—they will come in handy for the victory celebrations!

Glad to hear you've got your three stripes in the H.G.

Best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

G. de St. G.

There is no substitute for ROSE'S Lime Juice

CLIP-ON
PATENT NO. 471391

Rugs
THE RUG FOR CONVENIENCE



A really useful gift, the
CLIP-ON RUG

The popularity of the CLIP-ON Rug increases year by year. It banishes the bogey of tucking round and is on and off in an instant. It is ideal for motoring and sports occasions. Obtainable in a variety of shades and designs. Zip pockets fitted as an extra.

Prices 37/- to 55/-

LEE BROTHERS (Overwear) LTD.
Queen St. Works, Camden Town, NW1



... her greatest hour

She did not stop to think how much she was giving up, she did not feel heroic, she made what seemed to her . . . *the only choice.*

When your country tells you loudly, clearly, and insistently why your place is in one particular service, when it shows you that our men need your help, when it reminds you that the German menace is drawing nearer . . . can you stand aside?

If you wait till the bells of invasion ring, you will wish too late, that you had made her choice.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST IT TO-DAY

Address it to The Auxiliary Territorial Service, AG18/109kk, Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. Please send me full story of life in the A.T.S. and details of the opportunities it offers. This does not commit me in any way.

Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

Age.....(in confidence)

Adventure Through Service

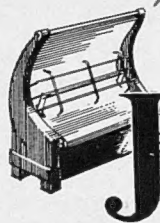
Unsealed envelope, penny stamp.....

Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.

*You'll get
more warmth
from your*

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric **FIRE**

*by keeping the
reflector bright*



JUST as a clean window gives most light, the polished surface of the reflector of your Ferranti Fire needs to be kept bright in order to direct the heat rays across the room and so provide maximum comfort. A tarnished reflector permits the heat to rise to the ceiling, where it tends to create a stuffy atmosphere.

Free Booklet

The above is merely one small point covered in a Free Booklet devised to help users of Ferranti Fires during the war scarcity. It also tells you how to keep your Ferranti Fire 100 per cent efficient . . . how to use it most economically all the year round . . . how to replace spare parts, etc. Write for your Copy today.

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF277

**Facing the world with
a one-suit wardrobe**

Now that it looks as though the time may come when you'll be facing the world with a one-suit wardrobe—ask your tailor to cut it in Sportex. A suit of this firm-woven Scottish cloth will keep you looking serenely well-turned-out in town or country long after the average suit would be showing serious signs of overwork.



*"Have it cut in **SPORTEX**
it'll last as long as mine"*

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WOVEN CLOTH FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

Swan & Edgar

specialise in
**Charming
Fashions**
for the
**FULLER
FIGURE**



Winter
shopping hours
9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday 1 p.m.

"Miranda." A smart Gown in All Wool Angora, designed on youthful lines that are becoming to the fuller figure. The skirt is permanently pleated, and hangs perfectly giving a straight slim line. In a few good colours. **8½ GNS.**
Hip sizes 44 and 46 in.

48 and 50 in. 9 GNS.

(11 coupons)

FULL SIZE SALON: THIRD FLOOR

Swan & Edgar Ltd., London, W.1
REGent 1616

NICOLLS

OF REGENT ST.

TAILOR THE **BEST-FITTING** UNIFORMS

COMPLETE KITS

ARMY

Essential outfit including buttons and badges.

£29

ROYAL AIR FORCE

Full kit to Air Ministry Requirements.

£45

ROYAL NAVY

Complete kit for Sub. Lt., R.N.V.R. including lacing.

£40

Uniforms cut and tailored on the premises by expert West-End craftsmen ★ Travelling tailors always available ★ Best quality heavy weight materials only used ★ Full stock of accessories ★ Prices within grant allowances ★ Special facilities for payment pending grant.

MILITARY TAILORS FOR 130 YEARS

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 120 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. Tel.: REGent 1951



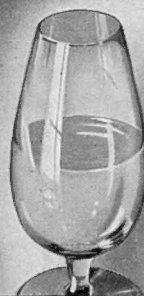
The
History of
HENNESSY
is the
History of
**GOOD
BRANDY**

★ ★ ★

FAMOUS SINCE 1795

*The Only Brandy
actually bottled at
the
Chateau de Cognac*

Label



J.A. HENNESSY & C. COGNAC

MINISTRY of HEALTH SAYS
**COUGHS & SNEEZES
SPREAD DISEASES**

VAPEX

The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

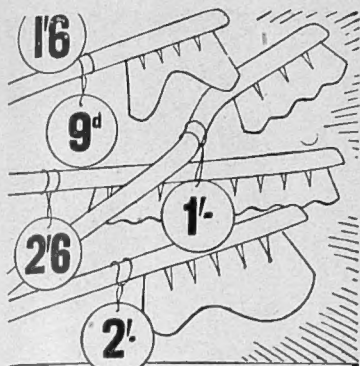
If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

A drop on your handkerchief
Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4

V.217A

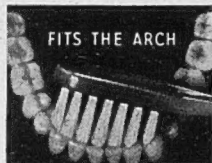
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.



HOW MUCH IS A TOOTHBRUSH?

THERE are nearly as many prices for toothbrushes as there are shapes and sizes. The makers of TEK set out to find the *one* shape and the *one* size that would do the job of cleaning teeth perfectly. They called in dentists to advise them. When dentists were asked for their opinion 92 out of 100 agreed that TEK was the most efficient toothbrush ever made. When the perfect shape and the perfect size had been found, it was possible to fix the price. As all TEKs are the same size, shape and quality, they are all the same price. Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We regret the inconvenience to retailers and customers. If you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK, supplies may have arrived meantime.

Designed
by Dentists
MADE IN
ENGLAND



Tek 2/-

Plus Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

T3

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SCARCE? YES!
—but what there is, is good!

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